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60¢
NOV. 1

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NOVEMBER 1, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Dior's *idée juste* for evening—the soft curve of a high rounded bosom that seems to give new length and delicacy to the neck, a sense of willowiness through the torso. Warmed pale-pink crêpe de chine with the top turned under, like an overblouse, above a short, narrow skirt. Just below the bosom, a soft ascot-fold over a gold and ruby bar clip that anchors the décolletage. To add here: long kidskin gloves in the same pink; more gold and rubies for earrings. Dress by Dior, of Staron fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Kislav gloves. Alexandre coiffure—all twists and bangs, and a gleaming bright-brown colour. (The colour is the easy part: Frivolous Fawn is the name; Roux makes it—in a rinse as well as semi-permanent and permanent form.)

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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Fredrica

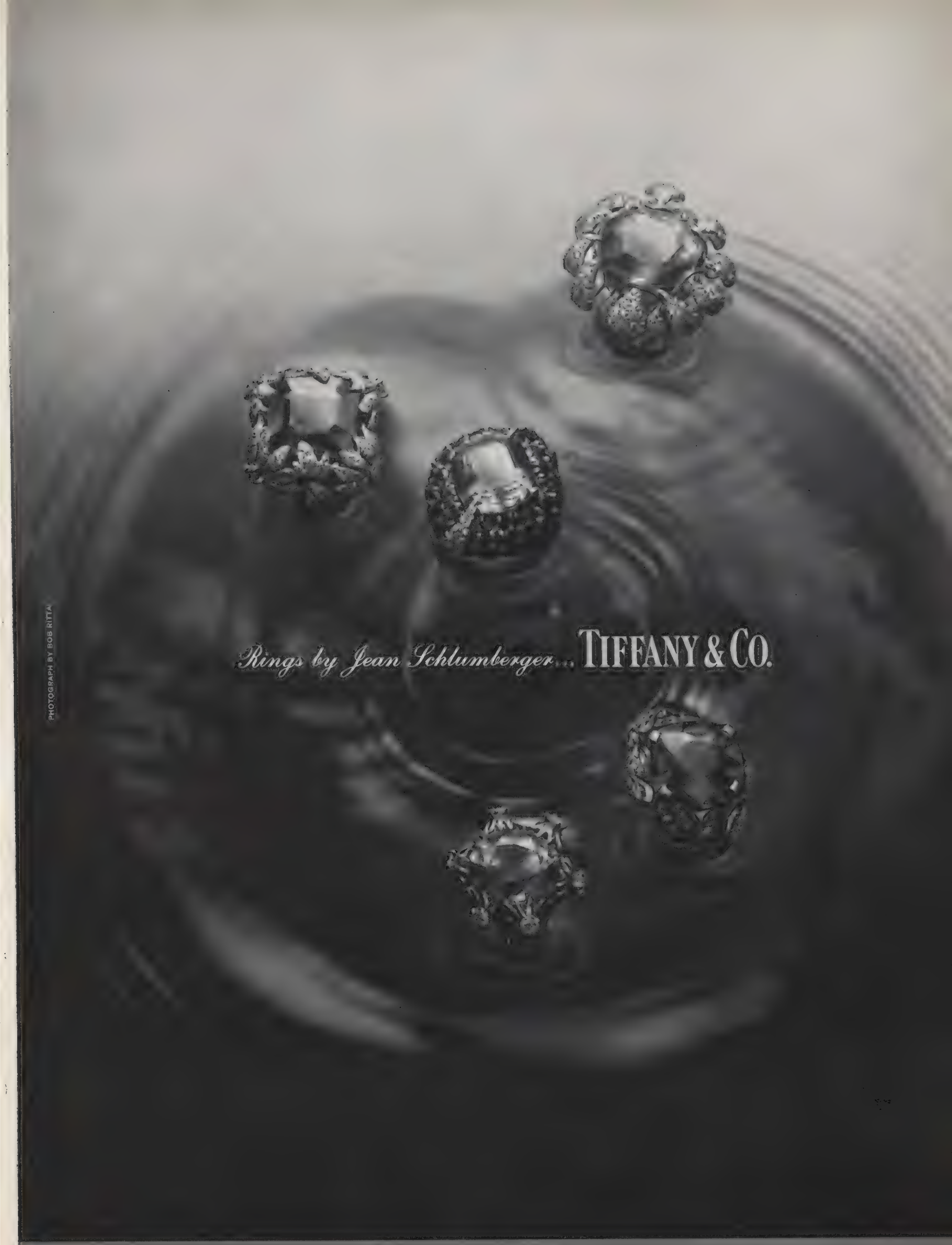


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A: Clinical reports, signed by some of the world's most eminent skin specialists, prove that it has brought dramatic changes in more than 6 out of every 10 cases tested. We make no wild claims. The facts speak for themselves.

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A: In tests on women up to the age of 88, the skin most in need of help usually showed the most remarkable response to 'Eterna 27.'

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'Eterna 27' to really make a ..when no other cream ever has?"

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Q: "Will I need to use other creams, too?"

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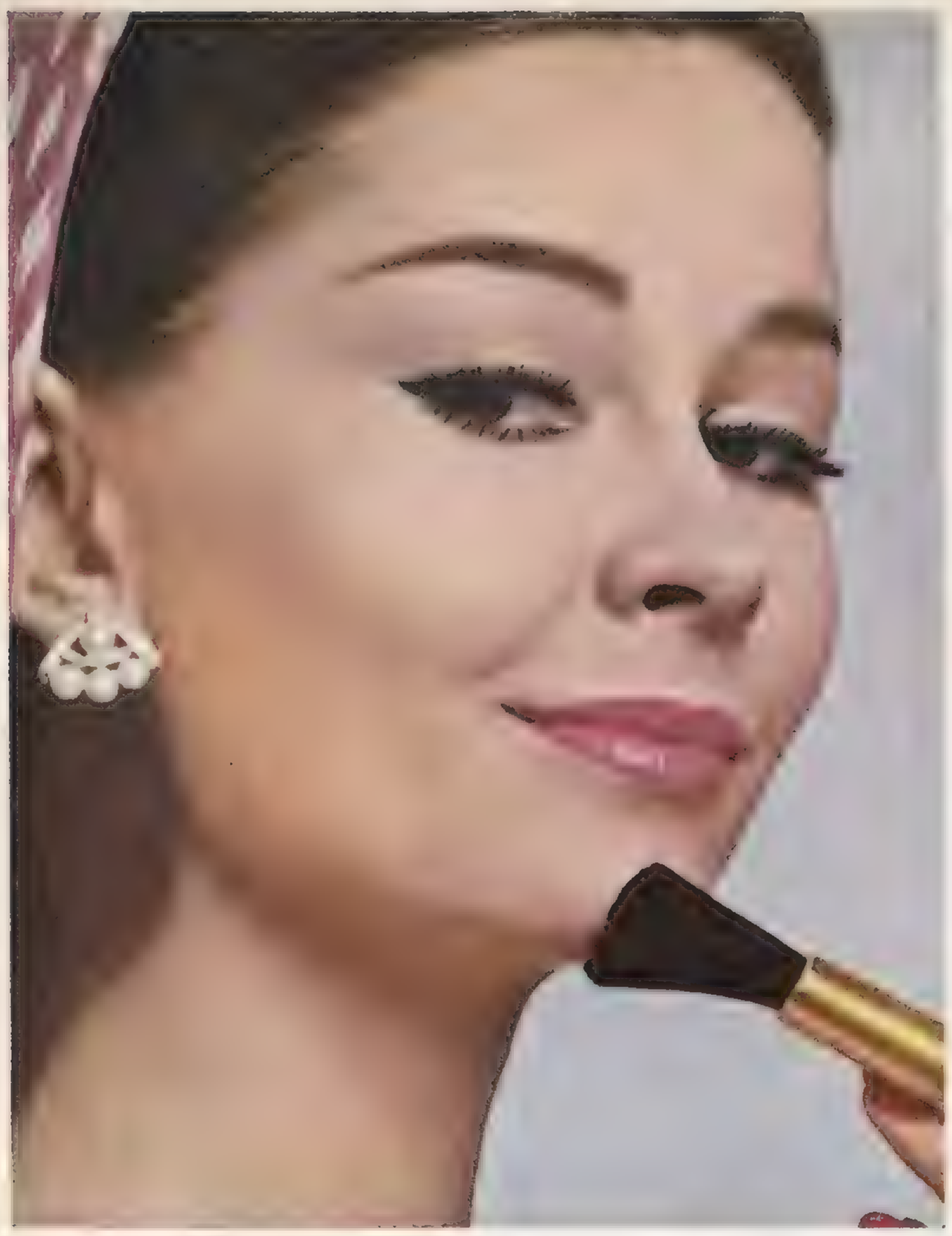
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It's not fake anything. It's real Dynel



Want to see a miracle—right before your eyes? Watch!



Fluff 'Blush On' over your face (cheeks, chin, every place!)



A little "lift of color" lights up your whole face!



A glow seems to come through—from the inner you!



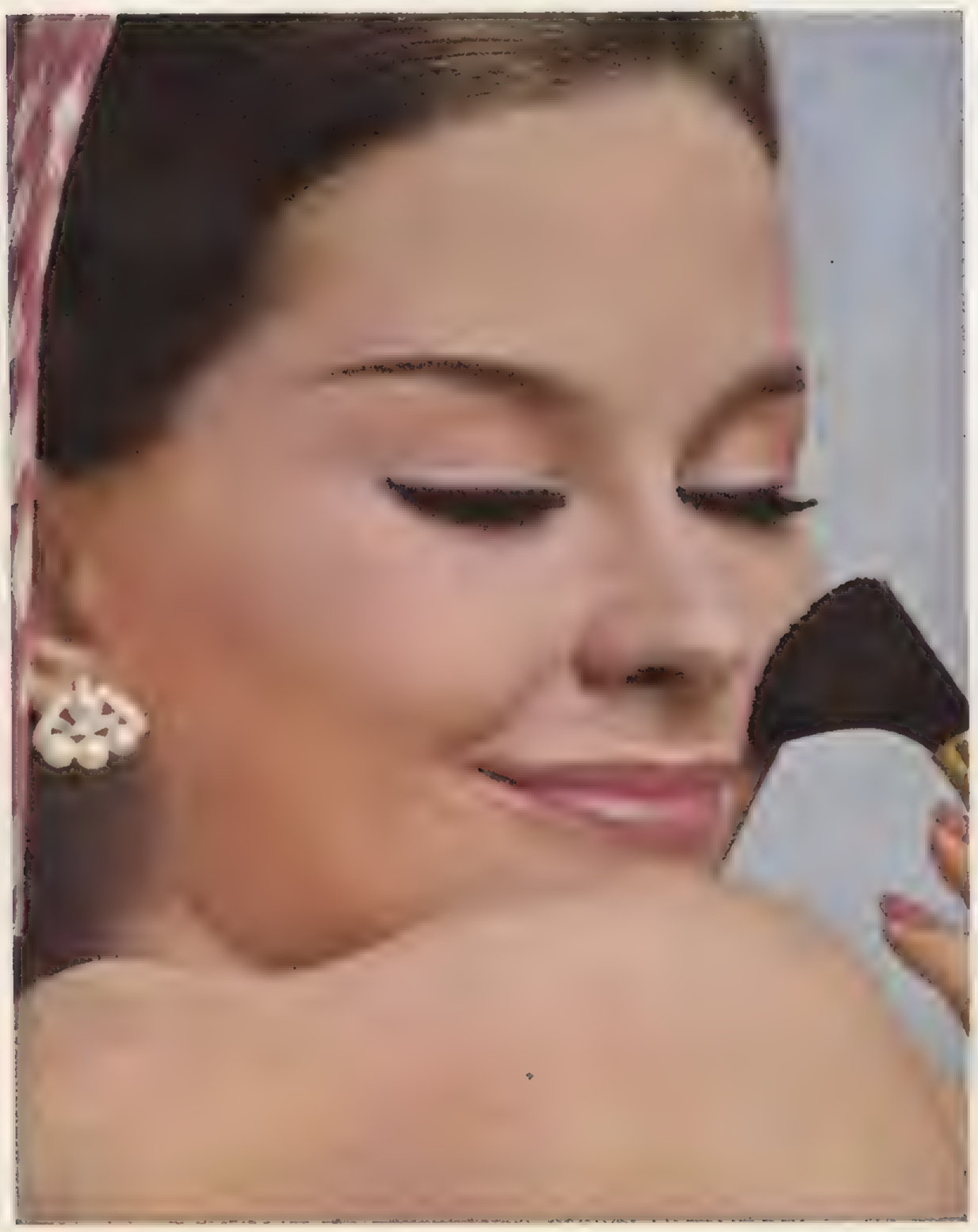
Mmmm! The lush little brush feels sooo good on your skin!

Once in a lifetime
a cosmetic changes
the whole idea of make-up!

In our time it's

'Blush On'

by Revlon



Suddenly you look untired, untense, untwined—terrific!

What *is* this miracle called 'Blush On'?
It's Revlon's ingenious new "blushing powder"
discovery—a breath of fresh, young color
you fluff on (not puff on) *all over your face*
—with its own soft-as-sable brush! Use it
over make-up or *instead* of make-up. Suddenly
your complexion comes alive—glows with
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(but the effect is *sensational*!) Never has
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(except, perhaps, falling in love!)



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Instead, we make an exciting new version of sachets called French Toiles. They include:

French Toile Sachet Spray. It comes in a can. Spray it in your bureau drawers and they'll carry the classic jasmine fragrance of Lubin's Nuit de Longchamp for months. And so will your slips, panties, bras and things. The price, $5.



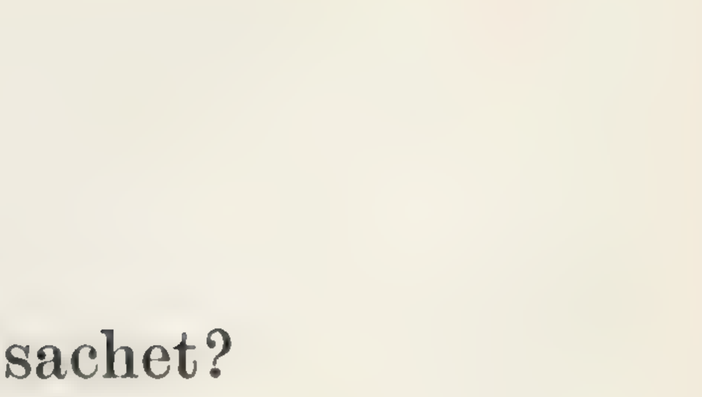
French Toile Sachets Parfumés. Yes, they do look like ordinary sachets. But instead of filling them with the usual dried petals, we use Nuit de Longchamp sachet powder. It lasts much, much longer. Two Sachets Parfumés in a French Toile hatbox. $5.



Lubin's French Toiles do wonderful things to a Louis XV chest. Not to mention Louis XIII, XIV, XVI and Danish modern.



French Toile Sachet Papier. A scented paper for lining shelves, drawers, what have you. It's like buying perfume by the yard. Four sheets, lavishly packaged, $5. Sachet Papier is printed in French Toile, of course. Marie Antoinette's favorite pattern. Ours too.



Flanelle Parfumée. Just a thin sheet of flannel, but we impregnate it with Nuit de Longchamp by a very secret and understandable process. Spread a Flanelle in your dresser drawer to keep your things very fresh—and very French. Or pack one in your travelling bag as some extravagant women do. $10.



French peasants gather the jasmine for Nuit de Longchamp at dawn, before the dew bruises the fragrance.

This you use on yourself. Nuit de Longchamp perfume by Lubin. $25 the ounce. *All plus tax.*





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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



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FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

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Redder than Poppy, riper than Persimmon,
richer than Rubies and righter than Rain



MAX FACTOR

There was a girl whose complexion was Snow White, whose hair made ravens despair. She lived in a forest of tall buildings and television aerials and yearned for a knight on a white super-charger to carry her away. One day she came upon a shop with a swinging sign that said: "MAGIC SPOKEN HERE," and she entered. The shop was crammed from Chock to Bursting with pills, potions, spells and wishing wells. But on the counter, gleaming brighter than a gold tinderbox, was a slim gold cylinder. It was longer than a match and smaller than a magic wand. In it was a color that was redder than poppy, riper than persimmon, richer than rubies and righter than rain! The girl said, "Does this mean the end of my search?" And the proprietress twinkled and said, "No, this is the way to begin your story. It starts, you see, Once Upon A Red...."

(continued at your favorite cosmetic counter.)

Ask for the new magic color, in Max Factor's slim wedge-tipped Fine Line lipsticks, and in creamy Hi-Society refills that fit any Hi-Society mirrored lipstick case. The happy ending for fingertips, in matching Nail Satin.



Costume by Bill Blass of Maurice Rentner;
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MAX FACTOR

black and white news
to gather now

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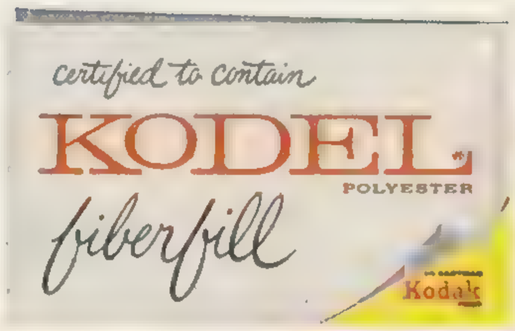


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The fully lined skirt is wool hopsacking.

S. Johns

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Natural Sheared** Alaska Fur Seal

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New York 1, N. Y.



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THE GOLDEN DIAMOND LOOK

...newest night make-up by

Estée Lauder

This is the Golden Era of great evenings, kindling a new excitement in clothes, jewels, furs. For these brilliant nights, Estée Lauder introduces her brilliant new Golden Diamond Look—created to turn up the focus on you. Lights can't dim its luminous warmth. Jewels can't outshine the living golden luster of your skin, your eyes, your lips.

Combine it with Estée Lauder's Evening Make-up Collection, or use it all on its own. From the luminous Foundation to all-over-gold-dusting with the new Finishing Cake . . . to the final slow-blaze of Golden Orange Lipstick, the Golden Diamond Look is like taking a dip into instant, lasting radiance.

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I was a
cold little kid
until
WEAR-RIGHT
came
along.

They lined
me with
fur*

with Orlon†

with silk.
Take my
hot little
hand.

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*White rabbit fur. †DuPont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber.





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COIFS FROM THE CHARLES OF THE RITZ SALONS



The sweater is Helen Harper. The lady is Jodi Booth.

Mrs. J. Harold Booth summers on Nantucket. Winters in Bal Harbour. But her favorite home is on the family yacht, with husband and children, Todd and Kim.

Her cruise clothes match the simplicity of life aboard ship. But for lunch ashore she likes something soft and feminine. The sweater she's wearing is made of 100% Acrilan® acrylic fiber. Its color, palest sand shot with golden threads.

Expensive looking? It costs about $14. Also in black or white. Sizes 34-40. At America's finest stores.

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You—in cloud upon cloud of swirling mist. Ethereal! It's a look only Lorraine could dream up for dreaming. Nylon tricot—with pretty little paths of embroidered flowers. That's the delicate touch. Sure mark of lingerie by Lorraine. As is the flawless quality. Champagne, Rosebud Pink, Aqua Mist, Cardinal Red. Peignoir set, $17.95. Shift, $6.95. Matching Baby Doll, $6.95. O'Bryan Brothers, Inc., Chicago • New York

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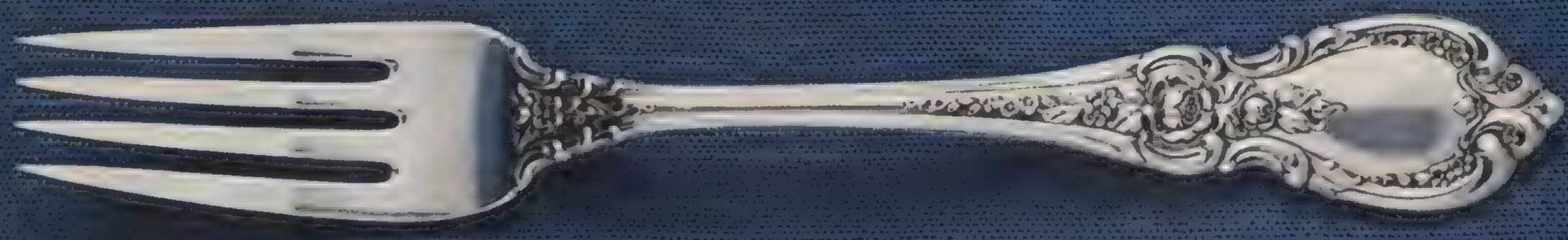


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a great fabric by
ALAMAC

JANTZEN puts you in the mood for a holiday with a new kind of knit. Alamac **THAL-LINED®** cotton knit with our famous Permathal® Everglaze® finish. This new knit uniquely bonds a lining and face into one smooth-fitting fabric that feels luxurious to the skin inside, looks wonderful outside. Jantzen uses it to make sure this shapely traveler won't shift, crease or twist. The A-line skirt, 8 to 16, about $10 in blue grass, pink, yellow or black. Cardigan jacket in white with color piping. S,M,L, about $11. At fine stores everywhere. Fabric by Alamac Knitting Mills, Inc., 1412 Broadway, New York 18



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CHARLEMAGNE

fashioned in solid silver... of reigning grace, enduring beauty

The majesty of kings and queens is captured in the rich and regal sculpture of the Charlemagne pattern. Created at Newburyport, Massachusetts, by Towle, proudest silversmiths in America—with craft traditions since 1690.

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AVEDON

Galanos / **Nan Duskin** Philadelphia

From the Celanese Paris Couture Collection



The Turtleneck: jewel encrusted to the tip of the long, slim sleeves, blousing over its gently shaped skirt, with its own separate chasuble. A glowing double-faced satin of Celanese *acetate and silk*. Champagne or white. $395. At all SAKS FIFTH AVENUE stores.



The Bared Shoulder: glowing above an Empire waisted dress. Sinuous flow, stopped by a beautifully placed bow, the skirt shaped by an envelope fold. Satin-back crepe of Celanese *acetate and rayon*. Gold or cream. $125. At all SAKS FIFTH AVENUE stores.

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The Softened Square: a beautiful sheath squared by a self bolero, and held by its own glittering jewel of a pin. The stole, dramatic as a night moth's wings. Elegant twill of Celanese *acetate and silk*. White or ice blue. $185. At all SAKS FIFTH AVENUE stores.



The Tailored Shape: starkly simple in front, intricately caught in back giving it a bewitching look of innocence and daring. Richly gleaming satin gabardine of *Arnel triacetate, cotton and acrylic.* Emerald or shocking pink. $185. At all SAKS FIFTH AVENUE stores.

ARNEL® CELANESE®



A cowled cling
of bias wool crepe
in clear colors—
so enchanting under furs.
Designed by Marie McCarthy.
Bergdorf Goodman, New York
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Montaldo's, All Stores

LARRY ALDRICH

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Hair in a hurry

We remember reading some years ago an account of the underworld of Grand Central Station—the microcosm's microcosm was the point. To the resources, riches, strangeness, secrets, and sociology of the place (which includes an underground hospital, a first-class movie house, and an indigenous breed of cats), Charles of the Ritz some months ago added a new glory. Called The Parlour Car, it's a small, perfect beauty salon, reachable underground through the Biltmore, and overground by way of Madison Avenue, hard by the front door of the Biltmore Men's Bar. Originally conceived as a facial and make-up salon got up to look like a Lucius Beebe dream of railroading, it's now veered upward: hair and make-up are the focus. A Miss Monika presides over the cutting, setting, and combing out of hair, and a Miss Valvo sees to any wig or wiglet problems. Make-up advice still emanates from a counter at the front of the salon. . . . Since the salon is tiny, delicious, and located quietly in the hum of things, we can't say what its eventual rôle will be. At present, the place is sufficiently undiscovered to allow for all kinds of hospitality: Miss Monika takes on emergency comb-out jobs as they arise from trains or out of the rain. Since the salon can manage only about three heads at a time, however, it's a good idea to get on its early-loyalty list before everyone in the new Pan-American building gets the message. . . .

Users—grand scale

People who buy things in quantity rivet us. The woman who had the same Mainbocher dress made in fourteen different fabrics . . . the man who buys his shoes by the fifty-pack . . . the Texan named "Silver Dollar Jim" West, reported by John Bainbridge in *The Super-Americans,* who had his eleven Cadillacs and thirty smaller cars all painted his favourite colour, a certain especially mixed blue. . . . On the beauty level, we suppose the comparable hunger for quantity is expressed by people who buy by the gallon jug the remarkable skin cleanser called Ten-O-Six Lotion by Bonne Bell. Originally a gag (an attention-getter for display purposes), the gallon size, plain as a cider jug, began to accrue followers and there are now thousands of people in the United States who have to have their Ten-O-Six jug, and cheerfully put down $30 for it. Since almost no skin, male or female, young or getting on, disturbed or clear, can fail to profit by either regular or occasional use of Ten-O-Six, it's not as wild as it sounds. Not wild at all, in fact, if you're not given to dropping things. . . .

Lipstick, plural

How many lipsticks do most women carry with them these days? Deciding to do our own version of a sidewalk interview (table-side; telephone; hallway conferences with Vogue editors), we discovered this: the women we know carry no fewer than three and no more than seven lipsticks with them at any one time. Their reasons for the extra luggage vary: "They're small; I take several." Or "I always wear two lipsticks at a time, a pale sparkler over a darker base." Or "You never know what kind of light you'll find yourself in." We're fascinated by this new turn in the lipstick mores and think it's time to report that during the recent so-called "no-lipstick" era—the era of the big eye and bleak mouth innovated in Italy and turned into an unofficial undergraduate study at most of the colleges in the U.S.—more lipsticks were sold than ever before in history. (It's always been our theory that it takes more make-up to look un-made-up than not, and the theory appears to stand up in the case of lipstick.) In the next wave of non-lipstick-wearing, we predict the lipstick star will be: more transparent, thinner in colour, based on a good deal of brown-red pigment, and frequently worn with an overcoat of lip gloss. One of the lip make-up tricks being taken up now by a group of adventurous young beauty buffs involves a tallow-coloured eye cream that comes in stick form. They put a light coat of this over their lipsticks for non-run gleam. . . .

new Arpege Natural Spray makes the aerosols passé

...it's <u>all</u> fragrance!



So why pay for artificial "gas"?

Almost all fragrance sprays look alike and work alike. You press a little valve—and *poof!* Out comes a mist of fragrance. But there's a big difference in the mist from new Arpege Natural Spray. It's *all* fragrance!

Aerosol sprays are almost half artificial "gas", needed to create the pressure that disperses the fragrance. Did you know that? That's why they use up so fast.

The only pressure you need to disperse Arpege Natural Spray is your own fingertip. Press the valve—and *poof!* Every finely diffused droplet that comes out is all Eau de Lanvin—*nothing but pure fragrance.* Not one penny of what you pay goes for artificial ingredients.

No wonder Arpege Natural Spray lasts long after aerosol fragrances have been used up. No wonder Lanvin dares to bring it to you in a crystal clear flacon, so you can *see* exactly what you're paying for. Won't leak, won't spill—but it will refill. From your own cherished bottle of any Eau de Lanvin fragrance.

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Promise her anything but give her Arpege

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Very haute couture, elegance in Imported French nylon lace. This decolleté strapless of lace and Lycra* with exclusive patented 'Give & Take'... elastic inserts beneath the bra cups expand and contract with your every motion. Artful underwiring provides separation and uplift, Aristocrat front panel assures flattering midriff control. The low, low back is designed for the most enchanting modes. Style 953. White or Black. B, 32 to 38; C and D, 32 to 40. $16.50. At finer stores everywhere or write to:
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LACE: 100% NYLON
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Patented 'Give & Take' expands and contracts

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—See Last Page

HOW TO MAKE A WRITER WRITE



To stimulate the hand that writes interesting letters, take some interesting paper. (Have it engraved and wrap the die up with it as a present.) The interest in the papers shown here, with suggested markings, lies in new sizes, colours, and textures, on this page the work of Crane, made to order for the listed shops.

1. PEWTER-GREY PAPER, marked in red—a kid-finish, fold-over, heavy grey sheet, marked formally for house paper. $3.75 for 50 with envelopes, at Henri Bendel.

2. AIRWEIGHT PAPER, a translucent white sheet, comes with an envelope printed inside with a blue banknote pattern—just right when a young man writes home for money. $6.50 for 50 with envelopes, at Lord & Taylor.

3. SHEER, SQUARE PAPER, a 10″ square of the palest blue. $9 for 50 with envelopes, at Bergdorf Goodman.

4. A CARD THAT WORKS A DOZEN WAYS—invitations included. $11.50 for 100 with envelopes, at Tiffany.

5. LONG, SLIM HOUSE PAPER, ice-blue, marked in green. $9 for 50 with tissue-lined envelopes, at Bergdorf Goodman.

CHARLES FITZPATRICK



For fast thank yous and keeping in touch with People Who Care, these four papers have among their virtues flexibility and an affinity for small budgets. Designed by Montag, they are to be had in shops all over, as well as the ones listed.

1. PAPER THAT BECOMES ITS OWN ENVELOPE is a compact idea attractive to people on the move. "Ile De France," $1 for a box of 20, at Macy's.

2. SMALL FOLD-OVER NOTE PAPER can be monogrammed, as shown here, at the top of the fold. If it is monogrammed at exact centre, it becomes a note card. "Tapestry Notes," $1 for a box of 15 with envelopes, at Macy's.

3. LONG FULL-BODIED LETTER PAPER, a white single sheet named "Man Mail," is neither too big for a note nor too skimpy for a letter. $1.60 for a box of 30 sheets with envelopes, at Macy's.

4. GOSSAMER PAPER, called "Sheerlite," has just a faint crinkle, an almost invisible herringbone pattern. About $2 for a box of 96 sheets, 48 envelopes, at Altman's.

NOTE: PRICES ARE FOR PAPER ONLY. ENGRAVING AND DIE EXTRA.

The elegance of ribbon
The luxury of mink



Pam Stewart of course!

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New York City, Lord and Taylor; **Boston,** Filene's; **Worcester,** Richard Healy Co.; **Pittsburgh,** Kaufman Vendome; **Chicago,** Blum's Vogue; **Cleveland,** Halle Bros.; **Richmond,** Miller & Rhoads; **Washington, D.C.,** Woodward & Lothrop; **Columbus,** The Fashion; **Palm Beach,** Florence Lustig; **Omaha,** J. L. Brandeis; **New Orleans,** Kreegar's; **Houston,** Sakowitz Bros.; **Steubenville,** The Hub; **Minneapolis,** Roy H. Bjorkman. Pam Stewart Originals, 141 West 36 St., N.Y.C.

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Canterbury Tale

The illustrated pouf . . . medieval figures on woolen hopsack.
About thirty dollars at good stores and college shops.

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IN CARIBBEAN TOILETRIES

Real because they're made with **real** bay oil from the bay leaf, **real** lime oil from the lime peel —and **no** synthetic essences. That's why the effect is so bracing; that's why the freshness lingers on.



British West Indies BAY RUM
Made in Jamaica, B. W. I. 10-oz. size, in hand braided khus-khus, about **$3**

Caribbean Extract of Limes AFTER SHAVE
Caribbean Spice and Lime COLOGNE
Blended and bottled in England
4-oz. sizes, in hand woven wicker, about **$4**
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All are double sealed for air travel. All plus 10% fed. tax.

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Los Angeles Showroom: William Schammel and William Edinburgh, 608 So. Hill St.
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Copenhagen-Fonnesbech; London-Aquascutum; London-Harrods Ltd.
or write: United Kingdom Distributor: *Welch Margetson & Co. Ltd.* 237 Long Lane, London S.E.1

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Grand Finale of the Newport season—parties, operas, and a grand Opera Ball.

Dress Circle



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Mozart, Donizetti, and a grand opera ball rang down the curtain on the Newport season. In a setting of *son et lumière*—right down to a quasi-French château—five hundred guests danced at "The Elms," the famous Berwind house, now a museum, modelled after the eighteenth-century Château d'Asnières. Blazed in crystal chandeliers and pink candles, the house glowed in the terraced park of floodlit fountains, sunken gardens, gazebos, balustraded stables, and statues, one of a stone lioness grappling with a stone crocodile. Many of the guests had come to the ball from the Metropolitan Opera Studio performance of *Così Fan Tutte* at the Van Alen Casino Theater, designed by Stanford White, but now all ivory and gold with a blue ceiling sprinkled in star lights. The program the preceding night: *Don Pasquale.* Among the spin of parties strung through the weekend were pre-opera dinners. Before the Mozart, Mr. and Mrs. R. Beverly Corbin had every-



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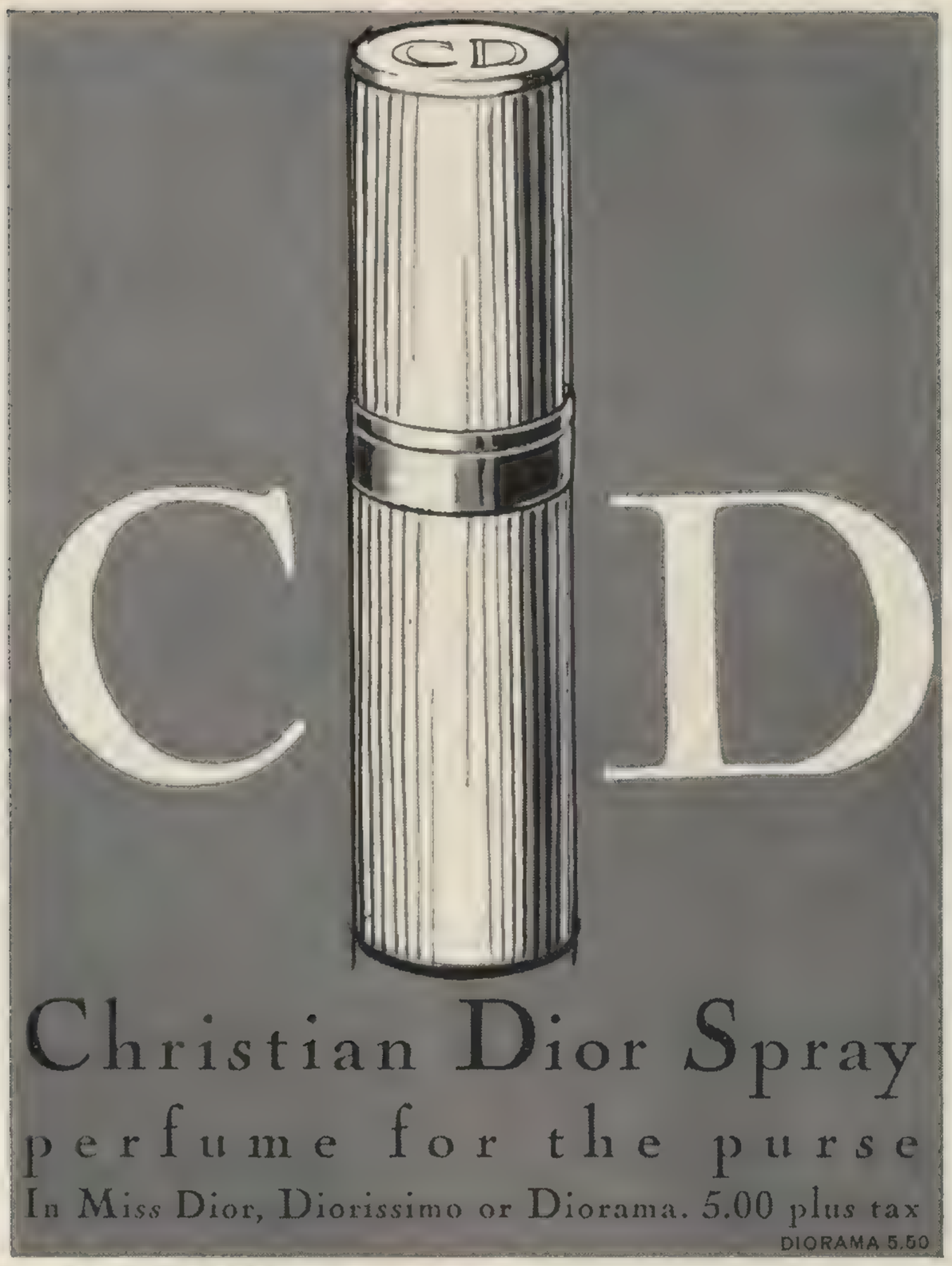


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thing Italianate—concertina players and Roman food. Before the Donizetti, Mr. and Mrs. James Van Alen gave a dinner which was announced by a Watusi houseman banging a temple gong.

1. The dinner before *Così Fan Tutte*, given by Mr. and Mrs. R. Beverly Corbin and Mr. Howard Hook, junior. 2. Mrs. John Barry Ryan and Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse, co-chairmen of the Opera Ball, which benefited the Preservation Society of Newport County. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reed, junior, Mr. John R. Drexel IV. 4. Senator and Mrs. Claiborne Pell at the Casino Theater. 5. Guests on the stairway of "The Elms" at the Opera Ball. 6. Miss Pamela Drexel with Mr. Beni Montresor. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Wiley T. Buchanan. 8. Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Warren, junior. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Alain Camu. 10. Miss Sybil Millar and Mr. Owen Sellar in the supper room.





VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

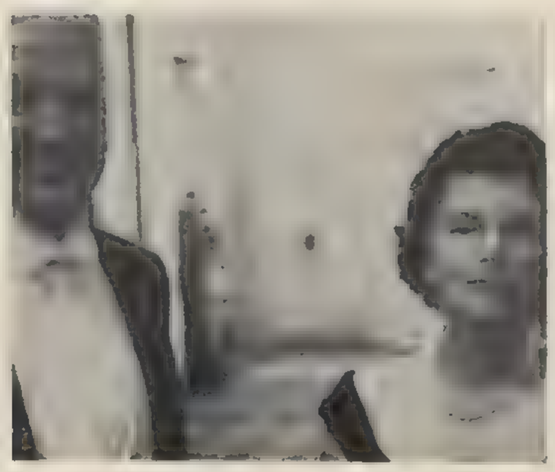
Grand Opening of the San Francisco opera season—*Aïda,* Leontyne Price, and the Tiffany Ball



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Delicate, dainty as the first leaves to fall, Echo's enchanting pure silk chiffon hood scarf—hemstitched and a sheer delight in fourteen of the most fanciful shades you can think of, 4.50. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Woolf Bros., Kansas City, Mo.; Bramson's, Inc., Chicago; Montaldo's and Doop's, all stores; Goldwaters, Phoenix or write the masters of the fine art of fine scarf making, Echo, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ECHO



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The San Francisco Opera has opened before with *Aïda*. Indeed one critic there named the War Memorial Opera House the Aïdatorium. This year San Francisco did it again—once more with brilliance. Leontyne Price sang superbly on the stage where she made her opera start. Then six hundred opera-goers walked the block-long promenade through paths framed by thirty-six-foot elms to the Tiffany Ball in the floodlit Museum of Art. There in spectacular *Aïda* ways, pyramids and sphinxes, picked out by pink spotlights, and murals of ancient Egyptian cities painted by a dozen volunteer artists formed the backdrop for dancing, buffet, and the fashion show. All of that Indian Summer night seemed a proper celebration to the first opera of the San Francisco Opera Company's season.

At the Tiffany Ball: 1. The tables, pink obelisks in the centre. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cox—she is Chairman of the Women's Board of the San Francisco Museum of Art. 3. Mrs. Brooks Walker, junior, with her father-in-law, Mr. Brooks Walker. 4. Mrs. Thomas Kempner with Mr. Richard Walker. 5. Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker with Mrs. Crocker's daughter, Miss Sarah Coleman. 6. Mr. Walter Hoving; Mrs. Brooks Walker. 7. Mrs. William Wallace Mein, junior, co-chairman of the ball; her son, Mr. Robert Mein. 8. Mr. and Mrs. John Vietor. 9. Miss Candy Martin with Mr. Donald Wilkins.

THE THINKING WOMAN'S DRY-SKIN STRATEGY



One day recently in California, a pretty but perturbed young woman swept up to a cosmetic counter. "What" she almost wept, "am I going to do about this impossible skin? I'm one of those people who don't know enough to come in out of the sun. And now, after a month at the beach—look, just *look* at this spooky complexion!"

The Young Woman Behind the Counter looked. True. The complexion facing her certainly had *had* it. Obvious: Third Degree Dry Skin. Lined, aged beyond its years, dry as a ginger snap!

"You've got to think of *something*," said The Desperate Voice. "I'm getting married next Friday!'

The Young Woman Behind the Counter, not one to be caught easily off base (make-up or otherwise) thought for but a single moment. Then, she dived below and produced one jar of a mysterious pink Something.

"Use this as though your life depended on it. Considering your coming marriage, it might. Use it every night after cleansing your face...and again in the morning under powder or make-up base. Don't skip. Don't skimp. It's Saturday. We've got only *6 days* to make you beautiful!"

The upshot of this real life trauma was later when the saleswoman spied a beaming, breathless young woman whizzing up to her counter. Every trace of Third Degree Dry Skin was gone. Her complexion was petal soft and dewy as a daffodil. Her skin looked a good 10 years younger!

"Just see the difference in my skin. Say, what's in That Marvelous Stuff? What makes it so effective?"

That Marvelous Stuff was and is JAQUET MOISTURE BALM.

What's in it is the difference between this JAQUET preparation and every other moisturizer: a deep secret formula of humectants and lubricants working in their own special, *special* way.

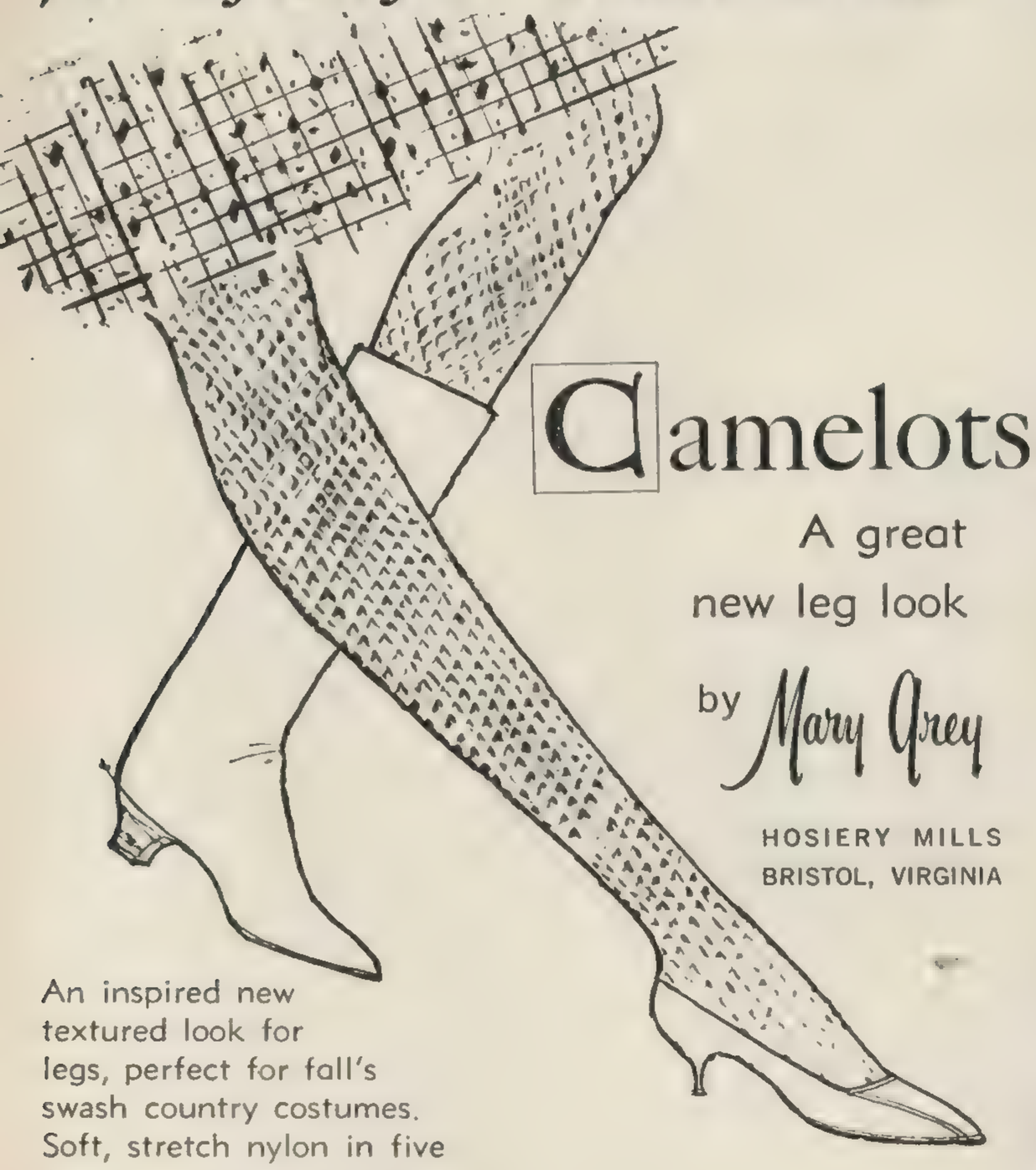
Result: your skin stays younger looking, lovelier, livelier *longer*. And devotees write us JMB is the bee's knees for elbows, heels, cuticles and even—knees. So let Time and Temperature do their darndest, The Thinking Woman's beautiful Jaquet complexion goes on and on. Does yours?

Jaquet treatments and cosmetics at Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn and Hempstead, New York and other fine stores. For store nearest you write Jaquet Cosmetiques, 539 West 45th Street, New York 36.

(Continued at Your Beauty Counter)

(Advertisement)

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An inspired new textured look for legs, perfect for fall's swash country costumes. Soft, stretch nylon in five fashion colors. Two pairs $5.

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PIECE DE RESISTANCE

New brooch by Oscar Heyman features a 'Linde' Star in plum red, entwined with diamonds and oriental sapphires, about $3500 FTI. See your jeweler's collection of 'Linde' Stars in cornflower, red, shell white, black.



'Linde' is a trade mark of UNION CARBIDE

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

L'Interdit, New York discothèque with Paris boîte manners

The French one-way-street sign, INTERDIT, and a doorman in the uniform of a French policeman set the quick pace of this young private club which the young have quickly learned to love. "The kiddies have a new sandbox," was the way someone described L'Interdit, a low-ceilinged, dimly-lit discothèque deep in the Gotham Hotel. The kiddies in this case are the twenties-through-thirties crowd—rather international, notably attractive—who report here, with a certain fidelity, for dancing after the movies or dinner.

L'Interdit recalls a French boîte—a Parisian cave of the twenties or the present Epi Club in St.-Germain-des-Prés. Against wood-panelled, red-papered walls, there's a huddle of red banquettes and dark oak tables. A pop-art mural by Marisol shows a five-man orchestra—the musicians are trompe l'oeil but their sunglasses and their instruments are the real thing. Near this combo, a record-player spins discs asked for by the customers who pack the minuscule dance floor and often stretch one drink through hours of twisting



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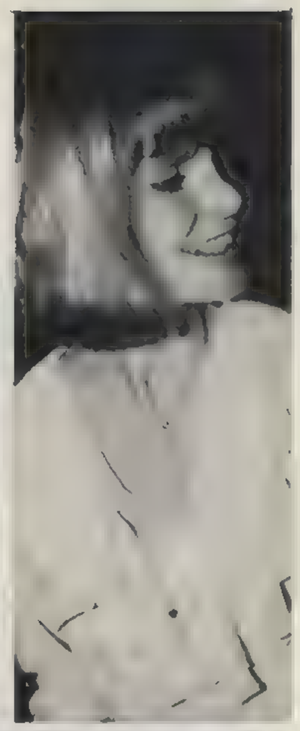
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JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON



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and hully-gullying. "In Paris," a French college student said, "you could never spend such an evening for a dollar-and-a-half apiece."

1. At the entrance, a doorman in a French policeman's uniform; in the background, Miss Martine Alphand (left), Mr. Jean-Louis Bloch-Lainé, and Miss Cybile de Bidour. 2. Mr. Michael Lakos dancing with Mrs. Richard Burton. 3. Marisol Escobar, the pretty young sculptor who designed the club's fake five-man orchestra. 4. Miss Nadia Nerina of the Royal Ballet with Sir Frederick Ashton, the director and principal choreographer of the Royal Ballet. 5. Miss Deanna Lambert. 6. Miss Marise Grace Conto of Brazil with Mr. Michael Bennahum and Miss Wendy Vanderbilt. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Chaplin. 8. Marquesa de Portago. 9. François, the head waiter, and some of L'Interdit staff.



ben barrack

Timeless elegance® in a sheer wool dress with a matching stole. Lemon peel, robin's egg blue, candy pink or white...petite and misses sizes 6 to 16. About 70.00. For nearest store write Ben Barrack, 498 7th Ave., New York 18.

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

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Fouke-dyed Black Alaska Fur Seal



Fur of poignant allure... its velvety depths sharpened by silk faille ...and as precision-tailored as a Beaunash smoking-jacket. The effect— devastatingly chic! Superb example of the quality, craftsmanship and authoritative styling obtainable at the professional furriers constituting the *Golden Guild Members* of the

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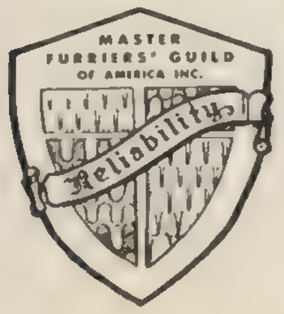
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For 1964, new size, new styling, but unmistakably Continental:

The Continental has been lengthened to provide greater interior space. There is more luggage room. Inspect this car, and discover why more than half the people who buy in our price range choose the Continental.

The timeless silhouette is now just three inches longer than in 1961-2-3, yet this change accomplishes a remarkable gain in spaciousness.

A longer legged Continental

In the rear compartment, legroom has been increased four inches over 1963, and knee room 2.5 inches. This is double the knee room of the 1961 and the 1962 Continental. You will also enjoy broader visibility, and easier entrance through wider rear doors.

The luggage compartment has 15% more usable space than in 1963, an increase of 33% over the 1961-2 models. Yet with all this added space, the classic Lincoln Continental retains the distinctions that set it apart:

1. The famous profile has been modified only to incorporate functional improvements.
2. The Continental is available in the four-door sedan and the only four-door convertible made in America. Each is built to the highest engineering standards. There cannot be any compromise. There are no lower priced models.

How to make an entrance

3. Only the Continental has four doors opening from the center, for more graceful entrance.
4. Unusual strength and rigidity of integral construction contribute to an unsurpassed ride.
5. Within, you will find virtually every luxury. Down-soft leathers or opulent damasks featured on foam cushion seats. Deep cut-pile carpeting. And much more.

Complete power assists

6. The Continental includes, as standard equipment, full power auxiliaries.
7. Each Continental is built in a special plant at Wixom, Michigan, that sets the world's highest automotive engineering standards.

189 straight A's

8. No other car is so thoroughly tested. Every Continental must pass 189 performance tests on the road in addition to thousands of inspections during manufacture.
9. Because its precision standards of construction are the world's highest, Continental is built to last and retain its value.

When you see the Continental, look again. Notice the kind of person who drives it.

And before you decide upon your next automobile, drive this one yourself. It is the world's finest automobile. If you will call your Lincoln Continental dealer, he will arrange a demonstration.



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL
Product of the Lincoln-Mercury Division, Ford Motor Company



SARMI IGNITES THE COVER GIRL LOOK

Brilliant spectacular in the new mood—Sarmi's fireworks, lighting up festive evenings at home... going on with grace to join a brilliant gala. The make-up... a sparkling spontaneous glow... is deftly muted.

Cover girl Iris Bianchi wears his flaming coral chiffon... with a hip-tipping jewelled velvet jerkin... that comes off to reveal the unexpected... classic simplicity.

Seeking out her *natural* beauty... the vibrant, misted-over look of Cover Girl make-up: Cover Girl liquid make-up, matte make-up, powder, touch-up compacts in new fashion shades. All fragrant. All medicated and antiseptic. All by Noxzema. All good for your skin. Each, $1.50 plus tax.



Count Sarmi poses with cover girl Iris Bianchi for Richard Avedon

(Advertisement)

The art of elegance, understood in a peignoir of point d'esprit floated over nylon, sashed with nylon satin... appliqued with an objet d'art, hand-clipped nylon lace created for us in Calais. Its gown beneath has the same lifted-waist look, stroked with satin glow and matching French lace on nylon tricot. "Robe de Chambre" peignoir, 50.00; the gown, 22.95. At fine stores.

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Ross Zeldin Lamé

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Tonight at 8:30: Applause for the elegant theatre ensemble . . . brilliantly performed in Lamé. Approximate prices: Jacket $19, sleeveless shell $9, skirt $13. Sizes 8-18, 7-17. Koret of California, 611 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, California.

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Photo: James Moore Coiffure: Mark Traynor of L'Oreal Jewelry: Cartier Gown: Mademoiselle Ricci ©1963 Cosmair, Inc.

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Unheard of? Chantilly perfume in a jar? It's different. It's a lovely new idea. This is Chantilly Skin Perfume. Perfume locked in a silky cream. Released by your warm hand smoothing. Caressing the air about you from dawn to dawn and then some. Its lasting secret? No alcohol to evaporate away its lovely fragrance.

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Your schedule is as flexible as your wishes when you travel in your own Beechcraft Queen Air 80. No time-tables, no tickets, no crowds. The spacious passenger salon, custom-crafted to your tastes, seats 4 to 7 in walk-around comfort. There's plenty of baggage space, too, and even a private lavatory. If your way of life calls for more than ordinary travel accommodations, shouldn't you, too, have a Beechcraft?

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Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Benson and daughter Joan of New Hartford, New York, choose from a tempting international buffet on the America. The ship is noted for its excellent food and wines. For excellent service, too! As on the United States, there's a large well-trained and gracious staff with just one wish—to pamper you!



Miss Stafford Hutchinson of Cookham Dean, Berks., England, enjoying shuffleboard on the United States. Spacious decks for playing, relaxing, a salt-water pool, first-run movies, nightly dancing are some of the reasons for a wonderful time on this, the world's fastest ship.



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Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Smith dancing to Meyer Davis music in the famous oval ballroom on the United States. Mr. Smith, President of the Thomas J. Smith Engineering and Construction Co. of Düsseldorf, Germany, has made 25 crossings on United States Lines ships.

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The s.s. United States includes a week-end in its 5 days to Europe, conserving time for businessmen. **The s.s. America,** popular, luxurious, offers two extra days at sea for a more leisurely crossing.

Plan your vacation now. Fares are lower during Thrift Season, with an additional 10% reduction on round trips. For even greater savings ask about excursion fares and special group rates.

New Fall and Winter vacation ideas via the United States and America

Blue-Ribbon vacations to Paris. Your ticket includes tours of the French capital, first-class hotel accommodations, and entertainment at glamorous night clubs and restaurants.

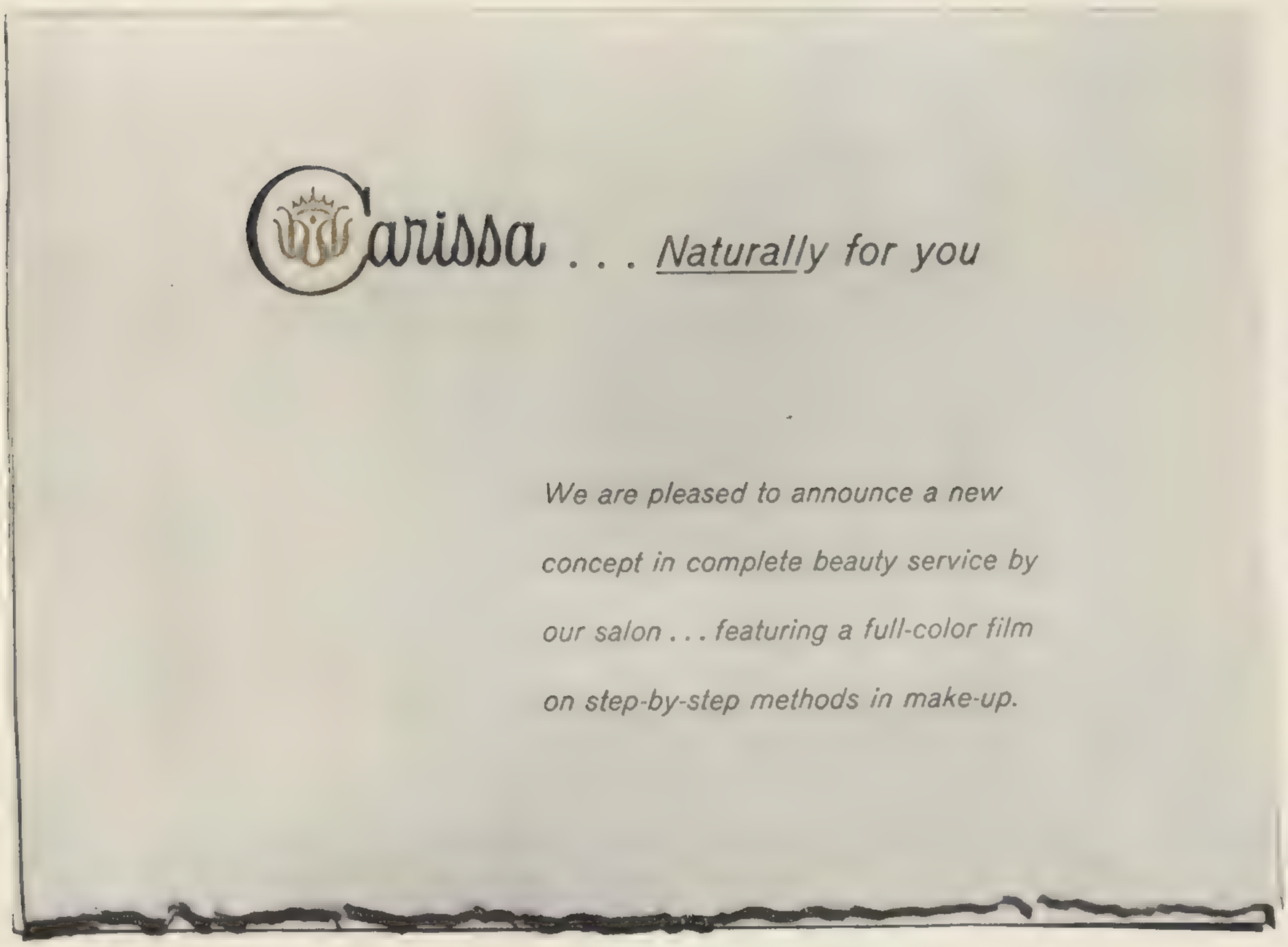
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Have you received this announcement from your favorite beauty salon?



WE HOPE YOU HAVE. Because it means that at last your beauty salon can give you *complete beauty service.*

Your favorite shop can introduce you to a new concept of beauty care that has been created to help bring out your own natural beauty.

Now these same friendly people who have been giving you skilled care for your hair can help you with a new kind of care for your *skin.* They can show you how easy it is to learn proper make-up methods . . . how you may now achieve the beauty that is *naturally* yours.

Carissa Makes This Possible

Many beauty salons around the country have already sent out these engraved cards announcing their appointment as a Carissa Beauty Advisor. The full line of Carissa cosmetics, with color films and easy-to-follow instructions on make-up methods, is available to their patrons.

Your Salon Knows Best

We know the confidence you have in your beauty salon.

Nobody understands the natural beauty of every woman better than her hairdresser.

These skilled artists study your face, your bone structure, *your* personality . . . then create exactly the right hair-do—the right *frame*—to help you look your best.

But your beauty salon knows that you must *complete the picture* yourself—with make-up.

They know, too, how you—and they—have been handicapped. There was no one brand of cosmetics they felt they could unqualifiedly recommend. They had no vivid, dramatic means of teaching you their own professional make-up methods so you could use these same methods at home.

They Believe In Carissa

Many leading beauty salons have already tested Carissa cosmetics for themselves. They have seen how Carissa care gives—almost immediately—a wonderfully live, dewy freshness to dry or aging skins . . . how Carissa really *moisturizes* the skin. And they've called it miraculous. The secret is Carissa's MOISTALO.

Moistalo-Exclusive!

MOISTALO is a unique formula developed by Carissa. It contains both super-moisturizers *and* Aloe gel—recognized for centuries for its value in the *natural* care of the skin. Now Carissa chemists have developed an improved method of preserving the smoothing, protective qualities of Aloe gel and combining them with super moisturizers.

Make Free Tests

With the announcement of its appointment as a Carissa Beauty Advisor, your beauty salon will invite you to test Carissa cosmetics for yourself . . . while you're relaxed and comfortable . . . in the salon. You'll be able to watch the full-color films as you follow the Script On Natural Make-up . . . try out MOISTALO for constant facial care and all the other Carissa cosmetics. *All free*—with the compliments of your salon. And with your own trusted Beauty Advisor right there to help you.

Write—Visit—Carissa

Carissa cosmetics, of course, are not available just anywhere . . . *only through beauty salons.* Write Carissa if you wish information; visit Carissa National Headquarters when you come to Florida on your winter vacation. (A limited number of franchise distributor areas are open; inquiries are invited.)

CARISSA COSMETICS, INC.

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ALL THIS . . . AND HAWAII TOO . . .

Kahala Hilton

Opening Mid-December, 1963

The newest jewel in the glistening necklace of Conrad Hilton hostelries that span the world, the Kahala Hilton is dedicated to casual elegance, luxurious privacy, and superb service. 300 air-conditioned guest rooms and suites. Located at the edge of Maunalua Bay, on the perimeter of Waialae Golf Course in the magnificent residential section of Kahala, Honolulu, just fifteen minutes from sparkling Waikiki. **For reservations:** See your travel agent or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see telephone directory).

Conrad N. Hilton, President

Frank L. Swadley, Manager



■ The crisp, staccato look of the straight-away heel and snipped toe marks the prophetic shape of our pretty new "Bracelet" pump. Remarkably ankle-enhancing. The detailing, a precise interplay of contrast. The feeling, one of incredible ease and lightness, thanks to Socialites' cushion-soft way.

Socialites



SOCIALITES, $13 to $15. The United States Shoe Corporation, Department V-113, Cincinnati 7, Ohio.

"designs for the world's best-dressed..."



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THE NEW AMERICAN BEAUTY: Skin kissed with misty softness

The Secret—Dorothy Gray Secret of the Sea

...the significant skin care discovery of the 20th century, created by Dorothy Gray research to provide fluid balance at the skin's surface, coaxing back nature's own softness and smoothness—even to skin that has seemed hopelessly dry. Gives your skin the blessings of a misty sea climate, wherever you may live! Secret of the Sea has been tested and praised by eminent dermatologists. Regular use will keep your skin softer, smoother, fresher.





SPECIAL! Never has it been so easy to try Secret of the Sea. A special limited time offer during November only. To introduce Secret of the Sea to you...a special price on larger sizes of cream and emulsion. Dinner dress by Bernard Browner of Gothé, hair by Marc Sinclair.

DOROTHY GRAY

the cherished care
for complexion and hair



The others are not J&B



You'll find something quite remarkable about J & B Rare Scotch Whisky, a certain quality that sets it apart. J & B Rare is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great. For flavour unsurpassed, try J & B Rare yourself.

J&B rare scotch whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST... WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF • THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20

IN VOGUE FOR MEN

Turtleneck sweaters, inside and out



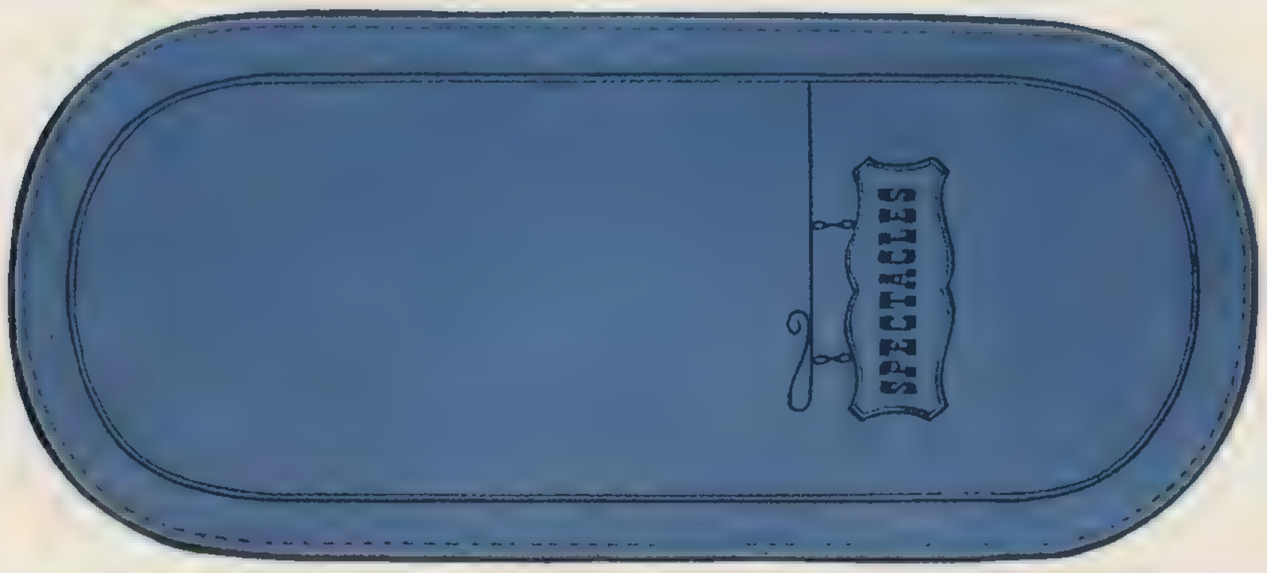
Men's sweaters turn turtle this year. Here are two ways of swaggering the turtleneck dash. Standout turtleneck, above. Forthright cable rib pattern in hefty black wool, a natural for the ski slopes. By Himalaya, about $25. At Altman's; Harry J. Rook; L. Strauss.

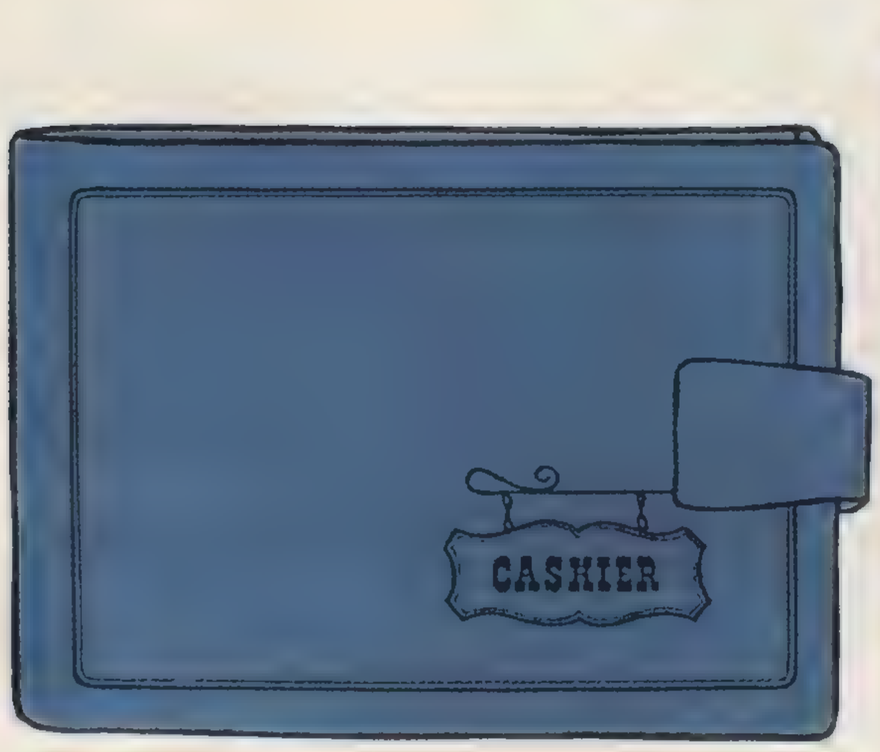
Stand-in turtleneck, below. The double sweater idea—great for warmth and ease. A V-neck pullover of grey lightweight wool covering a wine-red worsted turtleneck, each, long-sleeved. By Himalaya, the V-neck, about $15; the turtleneck, about $13. Both at Altman's; Flah & Co.

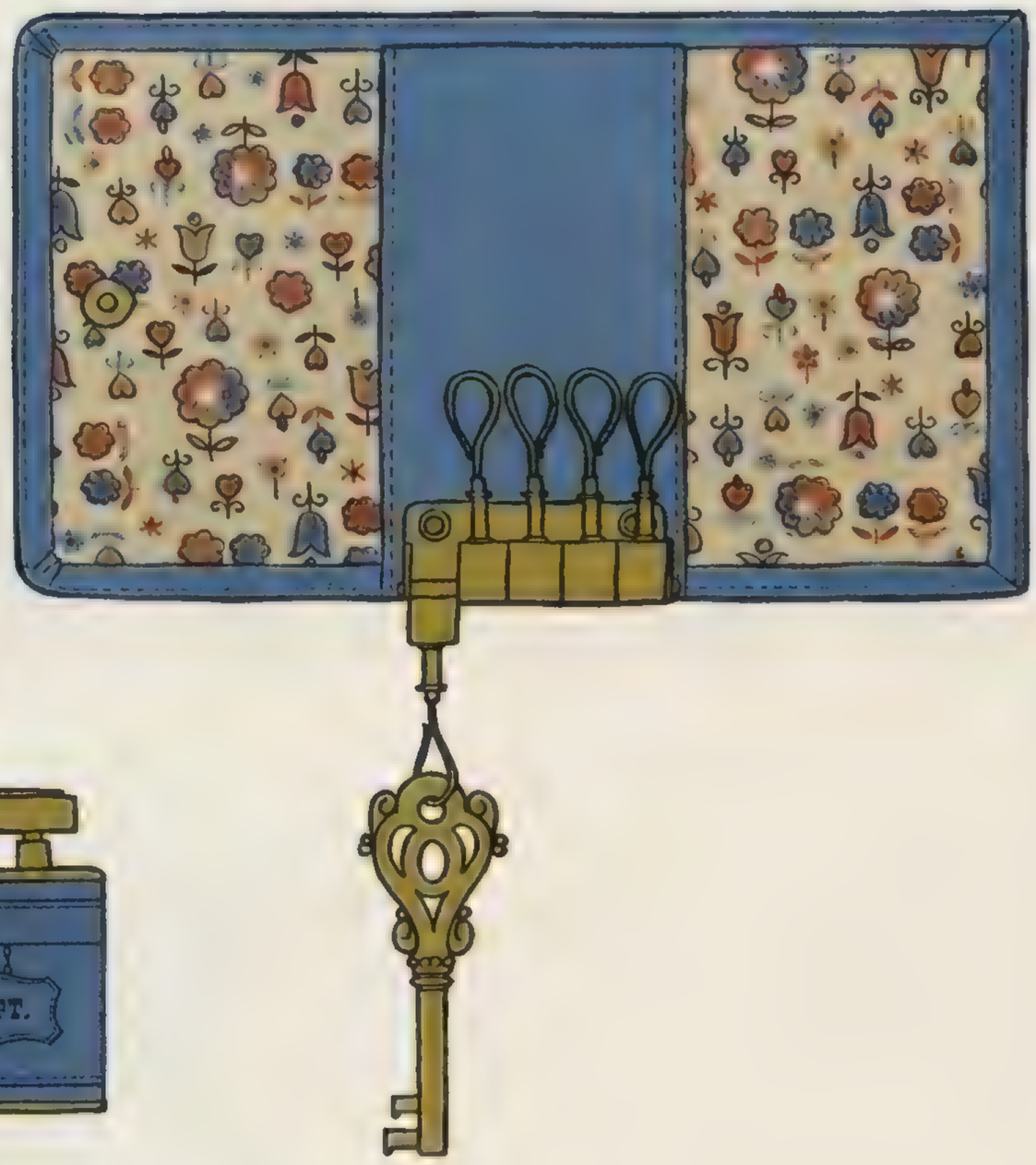


ARTHUR TODD











Yankee Doodle Dandies

Rolfs Early American setmakers — fun to own for two reasons. Outside: colonial signposts on softest cowhide — cornflower blue or maple. Inside: posie linings. Faithful reproductions of a Martha Washington print — russet, blue and maple flowers on beige. So newsy, you'll want to collect a boodle. For yourself. For charming gifts.

ROLFS

West Bend, Wisconsin
also creators of Amity
fine leather goods

French purse 5.95*, spectacle case 3.50, billfold 5.95*, key kaddy 2.95*, lighter 2.95. Not shown: cigarette case 3.95, French clutch 7.95* *plus tax.
Shopper's hint: Clip this ad. Use it as your buying guide.

Country Clothes



We dedicate this picture to the lively notion that the more skirts the merrier —the more tops, the more aplomb, especially when they add up to a suit. Or the layered look—new belted skirt and slipover, far right. What a fine flurry of wools!—Subtle tweeds to mohair deep enough to wade in—all Pendleton, lithe line, lilting color. But one picture won't do it. You must see! Experiment! And soon.

left-to-right:

Knockabout® Coat 45.00, ¾ Sleeve Classic Slipover 9.95, Neat Pleat Skirt 12.95.

Topper 39.95, Vest 14.95, Neat Pleat Skirt 14.95

Pendlemate® Accessory Cotton Shirt 10.95

Scoop-neck Fabric Trim Slipover 12.95, Doughnut Skirt 15.95.

Holiday Coat 45.00.

Matemaster Suit 35.00.

Sleeveless Mohair Slipover 17.95, Wide Belt Skirt 16.95.

In America's quality stores. For descriptive Pendleton Sportswear literature, write Department V-32, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 1, Oregon.

FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

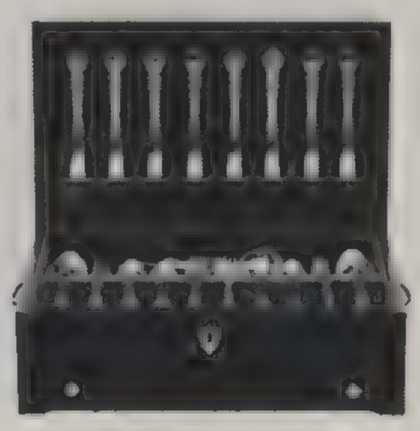

by Pendleton®
ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL
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There's a brand-new way to buy sterling! Especially International's newest, richest pattern...Masterpiece.

This new way is the Bride's Set unit. You save $65. And you have an elegant treat for Christmas—new Masterpiece in a 44-piece service for eight. $451 in open stock, only $386 in the Bride's Set.

The Bride's Set includes: 16 teaspoons, 8 place forks, 8 place knives, 8 salad forks, 1 sugar spoon, 1 butter knife, 1 regular tablespoon, and 1 pierced tablespoon.



All in a solid walnut drawer chest.

You can also use the Bride's Set savings plan with any of these lovely International Sterling patterns.

A 44-piece service for eight, with chest, in any one of the seven patterns on the left costs $375 in open stock. But, only $310 in the Bride's Set.

Each of the next three patterns are $415 in open stock. Just $350 in the Bride's Set. And Royal Danish costs $451 in open stock. But, in the Bride's Set, only $386.

Can you think of an easier way to give a complete set of sterling as that "special" Christmas gift? And save $65?

International Sterling

THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.



Rose Ballet Joan of Arc Prelude Silver Melody Angelique Pine Spray Wild Rose, Swan Lake Rhapsody 1810 Royal Danish

ALL PRICES INCL. FED. TAX

All patterns made in U.S.A.



The Witchcraft? You + Relax-A-cizor. Details on facing page →

KEEPING THE DASH IN LEATHER

or The ABC's of Leather Care

This year's leather dash whizzes from kidskin helmeted head, to suède and glacé coats, jackets, dresses, pulls, and right down to leather-booted toes. But to keep the dash going, leather needs the attention of experts. The expert advice that follows in the ABC's of Leather Care, below, comes from Marjorie Lehman of Leathercraft Process of America, a firm dedicated to more than simple cleaning and reshaping. A séance de beauté is more like it—natural oils restored, colour and texture revived, linings repaired or replaced, missing buttons, seam rents, even tears coped with. 62 West 56th Street is where to go in New York. . . .

A . . . for Alterations. Skirts and sleeves must be shortened with a special glue. No darts or seam intakes—stitches in leather leave holes. Only a pro will do.

B . . . for Boots. Stuff after wearing with small pieces of soft cloth—a good use for old sheets. Suède or reversed calfskin boots should be brushed with a stiff bristle brush—nail brushes are perfect. No wire brushes on leather; they may scratch or cut. Brush suède boots after walking on streets strewn with snow-dissolving salt. Salt, unbrushed, discolours suède. Dry wet boots, like all wet leathers, at room temperature.

C . . . for Colour. Most suèdes have been treated against loss of colour, but bright-coloured suèdes may rub off on pastel suèdes or wools.

D . . . for Dry Cleaning. Leather should be dry-cleaned by specialists, *never* laundered! Ordinary steam processes will streak leather, destroy its colour. In-between spots and stains should be professionally removed, too. Don't try home remedies; cleaning fluids and abrasives may remove colour and leave rings. Suède should be sponged with a dry rubber sponge after each wearing to keep it relatively soil-free. Soil on smooth leathers should be removed with a damp cloth and mild hand soap. N. B.: Clothing of imported glove kidskin is unfinished, must never be touched by a liquid cleaner.

E . . . for Eliminate. NO cleaning fluids, shoe creams or saddle soaps (which, by streaking and darkening, give an "antiqued" look to leather—great for saddles and some shoes, but not for fashion leathers); no softeners (part of the tanning process is permanent softening) on capeskin or suède.

F . . . for Fur. Fur-lined and fur-trimmed leather. Needs loving care. No leather-staining moth sprays on the furry parts. Leather cleaners will mothproof the fur without any danger to the leather.

G . . . for Gloves. Unless they're guaranteed washable, have them professionally cleaned and reshaped. Gloves in dresser drawers should be wrapped in tissue paper, not in plastic sacks. Don't put colour-shedding dark leather gloves near light ones.

H . . . for Handbags. In great danger of overprotection. Modern leather tanning processes treat handbag leathers so that they don't need frequent creaming and polishing. Too much wax and polish on leather bags makes their surfaces gummy, removes the tanners' protective finish. Alligator, lizard, and snakeskin handbags keep their patina indefinitely, need no shoe-or-saddle-leather preparations. Suède, buckskin, and antelope handbags should be sponged and brushed to remove soil and to prevent the nap from matting. Patent leather handbags should be cleaned with a mild solution of vinegar and water, polished with a touch of vaseline on a soft cloth.

I . . . for Ironing. Leathers are fairly wrinkleproof and don't need much pressing, but if some freshening is indicated, here's how: Set iron on lowest setting and don't use leather-shrivelling

steam. Place heavy brown paper between iron and leather. Press only one panel at a time, constantly moving the iron to avoid overheating.

J . . . for Jackets. Suède coats and dresses too. Ought to be hung on padded hangers to keep their shoulder shapes.

K . . . Knitting. Leather trimmed with knitting, leather with wool. should be cleaned by leather experts only.

L . . . for Leather, of course. Leathers for clothing are usually suède and capeskin (glacé leather). Suèdes are the inside skin of young lambs. Capeskin, cabretta, kidskin, glacé leather, are interchangeable names for the smooth leather which comes from finely-finished lambskin. The antelope we usually see is not antelope at all—the real thing is too hard to come by—but specially finished lambskin. Alligator, snakes, lizards—water beasts all—have no natural oils: the patina you find on reptile has been artificially applied.

M for Moths—love the taste of suède nap, so don't store suède without having it cleaned. Don't use moth sprays; they may discolour the suède. Cleaned by a pro, suède is usually given an anti-moth treatment.

N . . . for Necklines. Try wearing a scarf around the neck of all leather clothes to avoid neckline soil.

O . . . for Oils. Or what tanners call "fat liquors." They are added to leathers during the tanning process to keep them supple, and are restored with each professional cleaning.

P . . . for Plastic bags—avoid storing leather clothes in them. They let no air in or out, and when the oxygen in the bag evaporates, a gas forms and can't escape. This gas will discolour leather. Expert advice: Leave closets open a crack so that leather has lots of fresh air to breathe. As for handbags: Never put them in plastic covers; plastic adheres to leather and removes its finish. Handbags should be stuffed with tissue, wrapped in soft cloth or tissue so that the leather can "breathe." Hang large handbags to prevent side-buckling; store others on their sides.

Q . . . for Quirks. Suède has a few. To wit: "crocking" or suède dust on new clothing. Rubbing with a towel will remove most of it and the rest disappears after a few wearings. Blue, green, and grey suèdes are extremely sensitive to extremes of light and heat which may fade them. Be careful of suède on boat trips; salt-spray stiffens leather.

R . . . for Rain. Leathers have a natural tendency to be water-repellent, but soaked-through leather will stiffen and shrivel. If suède gets wet, let it dry at room temperature and then sponge or brush it to bring up the nap. Most smooth leathers are given a water-repellent finish at the tannery and need only be wiped with a damp cloth if they are caught in the rain.

S . . . for Shading. As many as six skins may go into a suède coat. Differences of shading between skins are a natural part of the beauty of suède.

T . . . for Temperament. Leathers have it. They don't like damp, clammy cellars or hot, stuffy attics and may stiffen if stored in these areas. Store in cool, fresh-airy places only.

U . . . for Universal. Leather is. It dashes as easily as a jersey dress to all the distant corners of the world—so distant, there may be no expert to clean your soiled leather coat. No cause for panic: there are chemically treated sponges on the market now. Moistened and used with a mild hand soap, they'll remove most superficial travel soil. Leathercraft Process is one place to find them.

V . . . for Vinyl. Clean with a damp sponge, mild soap, wipe with a damp cloth, but don't overdo. Too much sponging will streak vinyl's slick. Don't store vinyl in hot attics or cold cellars; like leather, it doesn't like extremes of temperature.

W . . . for Washing. See Dry Cleaning.

X and Y . . . Xanthos is Greek for Yellow, the lovely pale colour of chamois. This year you'll see less of the real thing—a rare, delicate leather—and more suède, chamois-dyed.

Z . . . for Zebra. And the whole new range of fur-printed leathers in fashion now—leopard, giraffe, to name a few.

Witchcraft Is Back!

■ **Conjure up a vision of your figure at its very best.** Now, look at yourself in the mirror. Are you disenchanted with those out-of-line areas? Would smaller hips or waistline . . . smoother tummy or thighs . . . make you feel a little more bewitching?

■ Let's be realistic for a moment, and say that weight loss is NOT your goal . . . and the push-up and puff route doesn't appeal to you either. Yet, you STILL want to smooth out some of those unbecoming bulges in your figure.

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THE LOVE OF TWO ORANGES AND TWO LEMONS

Their involvement in four recipes

The first sweet orange tree brought from China to Portugal by Vasco da Gama is still preserved in Lisbon, possibly because it is the Big Daddy of all sweet oranges from Florida to Provence. In fact the Netherlands Royal Family prized the Provence city of Orange sufficiently to hook the name to their House of Nassau.

Originally from India, the bitter, highly scented lemon has given its name to a ski town in Italy, a port in Costa Rica, and a rock off the coast of Ireland. but today seems synonymous with California. U.S.A. Londoners couple these citrus fruits in a famous jingle: "Oranges and lemons say the bells of St. Clemens." Here, four ways of working with oranges and lemons, all non-classical.

COLD LEMON SOUP

2 tins chicken broth with rice
2 eggs
½ cup lemon juice

Whisk the chicken broth in a good-sized saucepan to separate rice. Heat. In a bowl. whisk the eggs. Mix ½ cup of hot broth with the lemon juice. Pour this lemon-broth mixture slowly over the eggs, whisking constantly. Remove the remaining hot broth from the fire and add to the egg-lemon-broth mixture. Beat vigorously, then store in the refrigerator. This soup must be icy cold when served.

ORANGE POTATOES

2 pounds potatoes, mashed and cold
1 orange, rind and juice
6 eggs
¼ pound butter
½ pint cream
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder

Whisk the eggs, adding the juice and grated rind of the orange. Melt butter, cream, and sugar, then add salt and baking powder. Fold everything together with the mashed potatoes and mix thoroughly. Bake for 1½ hours in a buttered baking dish.

TWO SOUFFLÉS: LEMON, ORANGE, WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE

Lemon soufflé:
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup heavy cream
½ cup sugar
2 lemons, juice and grated rinds
6 eggs

In a double boiler melt butter, adding flour. Stir till smooth. then pour in cream, stirring until thick. Dribble in sugar, stir. drip in the juice and grated rinds of 2 lemons. Finally pour in the beaten yolks of 4 eggs. Remove pan from hot water. beat sauce until smooth. Cool. Then beat 6 egg whites until creamy stiff. Spoon ¼ of them into lemon soufflé sauce and whip until foamy. Pour slowly over remaining egg whites, lifting, folding carefully. Slide into a sugared, buttered 1½-quart soufflé dish. Bake 20 minutes or so in a 350° preheated oven.

Orange soufflé:
The same, with the juice and rind of 1 big orange in lieu of lemons.

Strawberry sauce:
3 pints ripe strawberries
3 tablespoons red currant jelly
Sugar
Kirsch

Wash, hull, and quarter the ripe fresh strawberries; place in a serving bowl. Sugar lightly. Fork-whip the currant jelly, then spoon over fruit. Sprinkle with kirsch and store 4 hours in the refrigerator. Sauce should be cold in contrast to the hot soufflés, and passed separately. Note: to serve. both soufflés are set before the hostess who gives guests a spoonful of each—a double dessert for a gala dinner.



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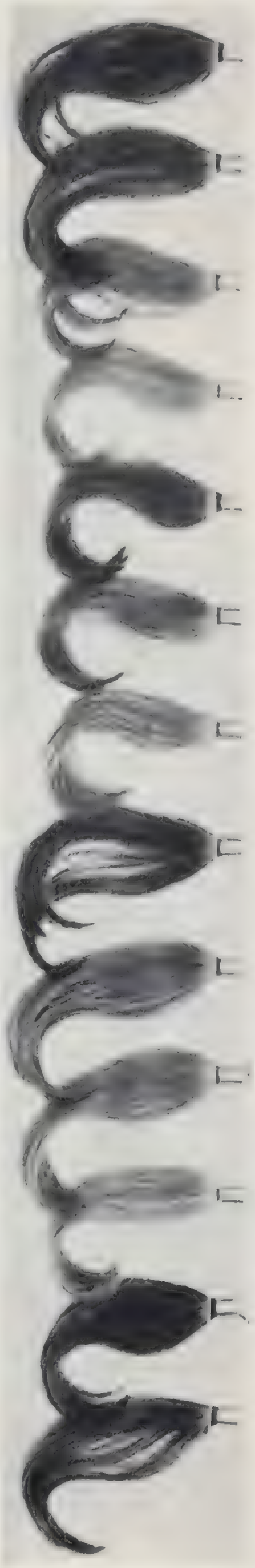
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Count-on-it colour



From nerve-wrecking trifles to the large economy size—in this Age of Anxiety—decisions are now forming on everybody's right. What they incessantly consist of, of course, is deciding what we'd least mind doing if what we really want to do, we can't. Now at least one anxiety area is being closed off. When a certain hair colour charms us, and our immediate audience, having to settle for something that's *almost* the same is one decision that's just gotten lost.

The people at the launching pad of the Roux rainbow of credible colours have just come to a gratifying decision concerning twenty-one of their fifty-one colours. Taking the view that everyone would like to see the hair-colouring picture simplified, they've now shaped up the whole situation and are flying in just one direction. Now: for people who have arrived at a more or less lasting colour decision there's *one* "permanent" colour and that's: Fanci-tone. For people who never dive in the swimming pool but would rather slip in, there's *one* semi-permanent colour: that's Nice Change. And for those to whom experiment is the charm of life: *one* wash-right-out-of-your-hair rinse: Fanci-full. All three methods: twenty-one colours. If, for instance, you're hooked on a shade called "Spun-Sand" on a full time Fanci-tone basis, you can arrive in Samarkand and revive the situation with a squirt-squirt from Nice Change in none other than "Spun-Sand." Whatever colour you like comes in any form you like—and can go along with you anywhere you're going. . . .

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Germaine Monteil

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF THE LEOTARD BOOM



This is the most modern kind of fashion in the world—a second skin of a leotard that moves and stretches like the first one, makes a wonderful base for a rush of marvellous looks.... Slither it under a sleeveless mink tunic, or a long slit dressing gown of gleaming brocade; slip it into little chukka boots; wrap it in a great skirt of tweed or leather; wear it under a spunky country suit—it will show up as a sleek blouse and stockings; let it be the close sleeves and gooseneck that complete a flat-fur vest. Leotards are running freely through this issue; see how they run, along with more stretch clothes and the 1964 cars on pages 114-127. The leotard here is the driving force for the Firebird III, an experimental car by General Motors—the third in a series of experimentals built, in the last ten years, as proving ground for GM's Technical Center—ideas that make good here are then put to work in other GM cars. Leotard by Ulla, in black Alamac jersey of Du Pont nylon. About $50 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Viola Weinberger gloves. Black elkskin boots by Capezio.

GENE LAURENTS



MAINBOCHER



OBSERVATIONS ON AN ELEGANT MIND... THE POINT OF VIEW THAT MAKES THE MAINBOCHER MANNER

When Mainbocher shows his autumn collection in New York, it's news—news of a very special genre; his own press release, lucid and articulate as press releases seldom are, may begin by saying—as this year's did—"there are no radical changes." Definitely not for Main are the sudden swerves, the fashion divertissements that make the front page of the *Wall Street Journal*. His concern is fashion for the woman who leads an immensely personal life, and his approach to designing clothes falls into the charmed category known as simple but devastating. The governing principle: make the costume suit the needs . . . "there's a magic and a mystery about being right." In his own mind Main is and has been for years "an observer of smart women—that's how it all got started." He pointed out recently that if, as a young man, he had not gone to the races at Auteuil and at Longchamp, he might have missed his original vision of marvellous looking women wearing superb clothes with great style and authority.

For a man who has total recall—and Main does—it makes all the difference. He can also describe the enchantment of a woman who can stand for an hour or more in front of a fire without a single false gesture, still and instinctively graceful. And, with deadly accuracy, he conveys in words and mime a knowledge of the attitudes that destroy a great beauty—yanking the strap of an evening dress, tugging at a skirt that hasn't been properly fitted. . . . This is the eye that goes with a steady blaze of intelligence; the result is a complete understanding of the "three beings of every costume—tranquil, moving, sitting. You can't wear a sketch." And with that, the conviction that "fashion should appear effortless—like beautiful singing. . . . you shouldn't share the scaffolding with people, but you have to put the dress in focus three ways."

If there's a prototype, an ideal woman, for whom Mainbocher designs, he finds the description "difficult, because it (Continued on page 104)

Left: Photographed in Mainbocher's apartment, the suit manner that's supremely Mainbocher—recognizable for its "effortless tact," its youth, the look of being born to survive. Grass-green and white dog-tooth-checked tweed with a discreet rolled collar that shows the turtlenecked green jersey blouse. A straight skirt cut to behave with incomparable excellence—it can sit for hours without developing that deep cross-track of creases that spells instant death for straight skirts less intelligently cut. Made to order at Mainbocher. The bracelets—one serpent, one two-headed Mycenae dragon—by David Webb. Coiffure by Kenneth.

HORST



"NO VISIBLE EFFORT"... "GETTING AROUND THE HUMPS AND BUMPS IS THE TRUE MEANING OF CUSTOM-MADE."

MAINBOCHER

involves the use of words that have become such naughty words—quiet elegance, a ladylike quality, and a certain serenity, especially for evening clothes."

In Mainbocher's eye, "fashion has many levels; there's the top of the stream, and then there's the deeper current that keeps on going. It's that deeper current, the positive underflow of fashion, that I'm concerned with." Yet for all his very real conservatism, Main is an innovator. There is scarcely a single current and useful costume in modern fashion that he did not make first—an impressive record directly attributable to his skill as an observer and his unwavering belief that fashion should fill "needs." Something undreary to wear in the rain? . . . In 1958 he made the first mackintosh with a gay flower-printed lining. An evening dress with a really modern approach to taxis and jammed theatre aisles? . . . The short evening dress, first shown by Main in 1946. A suit blouse that virtually "disappeared" under the jacket? . . . The first bare-armed, beautifully behaved little shells of silk. . . . It's a long long line of firsts from his 1939 waist cinch, to embroidered evening sweaters (1941), tennis dresses to wear at night, the first black mink coat (1949), and that blissful answer to everywoman's clothes quandary —the theatre suit, a late-day costume that not only pretends to go everywhere, it does. And has, since 1941. To Mainbocher's own explanation of his thinking on this point, no mere female mind could add more than a thrill of satisfaction; Main *understands* that "men don't like to dress any more, and it's wonderful that a woman can have a dress that shows she's made an effort."

At the heart of the Mainbocher method is a "life of projecting yourself into the future." Like many creative people, Main has a great urge to be on to the next thing. Less than a month after he shows a collection, he begins buying fabric for the next one. (Continued on page 201)

Right: Tailor-made two-piece dress of fine-checked cashmere—charcoal and black—with this season's longer jacket, small exquisitely proportioned lapels, a relaxed little tie at the waist. The sort of dress that's "simple and sympathetic enough to put on in the morning . . . chic enough for luncheon and to last through until it is time to change for the evening." To order at Mainbocher. David Webb jewels. Kenneth coiffure. *Glimpsed in the background:* Mainbocher's big, L-shaped living-room, filled with his extremely personal mixture of comfortable contemporary—big chairs, a substantial TV; rows of books that look pleasantly used; garden flowers, exuberantly fresh—lilies, stock, that sort of thing; and quite a lot of French furniture—"I'm in love with the eighteenth century as you can see." On the walls, and sometimes standing on small tables: mostly flower prints and engravings. On handsomely polished bare floors: wild-beast rugs, some tiger, some not. Living for the first time in an egregiously modern building, he rejoices in the view—uninterrupted sky with, perhaps, a few gulls—which breaks restfully upon the eye when you come in from "those tiny boat corridors," but regrets the absence of a fireplace—"a fire is one of the luxuries and courtesies of life."



HORST



MAINBOCHER

FOR EVENING CLOTHES: "A CERTAIN SERENITY"

At night—when men make the "added effort" of dressing—the woman turned out by Mainbocher is apt to wear a long, serene, appealing dress of such informed subtlety the press sometimes lapses into such dazed adjectives as "arrogant."

Above: Black silk dinner dress with only the shoulders bared, a variation of the halter neck—the back almost as covered as the front. The skirt—because it's cut on the bias in front. straight at the back—hangs beautifully, moves with inherent grace.

Right: Silk crêpe in domino colours—the skirt white; the top black with an attached stole floating over one strapped bare shoulder; a single coral velvet bow placed in the hollow of the left shoulder. Both dresses made to order at Mainbocher. Necklaces and earrings by Van Cleef & Arpels. The coiffures by Kenneth.

HORST





H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA

Born Princess Maria-Pia di Savoia, she has warm rosy-beige skin, dark-brown eyes, and famously pretty feet—small, high-arched. She adores sports, particularly swimming and skiing; talks wittily, with a direct charm, in several languages (often enlivening her French with bits of Parisian slang); lives in Versailles with her husband, Prince Alexander, and their two sets of twins—Princes Michel and Dimitri, five; Princess Marie-Hélène and Prince Alexander, under a year. Here, on a recent visit to Italy, she wears Emilio Pucci's black velveteen palazzo pyjamas, edged with scalloping, printed with stained-glass designs in yellow and gold; Pucci's drop earrings. For this photograph, it amused her to wear a big, carved wig by Filippo that completely hid her own chestnut-brown hair. Make-up: Elizabeth Arden's Roman Salon, by Pablo. Pyjamas at Saks Fifth Avenue.

KAREN RADKAI



PRINCESS LUCIANA PIGNATELLI

Princess Pignatelli, a ravishing Brazilian-Italian blonde with a profile that rivals Isabella d'Este, lives near Lisbon in Estoril, but has a great taste for the American tempo and ambiance, an open pleasure in the country life of Long Island where she recently spent a little over a month. She rides with great style, loves to twist, but says she's not mad about tennis. Americans couldn't be more enamoured of her quick approval of their hospitality, their free-to-breezy attitudes—or more amused and unbelieving when she says, in her rich, low, lazy-to-vivace voice, with an unexpected flash of humour, "In Rome we always live in a tragedy." At home in Portugal, where she spends most of the year with her two young children, she lives in cashmere sweaters and skirts, mostly in shades of blue or turquoise, and because it's very windy, she has no very serious hairdo for everyday. Which seems to mean a marvellous head of thick, springy hair very faintly wavy, gloriously brushed. At night she claps on a "topée," the current European word for wiglet. And what she likes to wear at night is black, black, black. In New York she bought a short black dress very high in front, very plunging at the back, which she loves. For suits: always the school of Chanel; nothing works as well. Otherwise, "whenever I see blue and green together, I go crazy—even in rugs." Not surprisingly, her favourite jewel is a sapphire-and-emerald pin for which she chose the stones herself. *Above:* Princess Pignatelli riding Miss Cleo on the North Shore of Long Island. Brown-and-white herringbone tweed coat, brown jodhpurs: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure—marvellous in the open—by Mr. Ralph of Kenneth's. *Right:* En route to the theatre to see *Tovarich,* Princess Pignatelli with her own hair and several wiglets massed high at the back. The floor-length coat of Aurora chinchilla by Fredrica. Coiffure by Mr. Gregory of Kenneth's.

BRUCE DAVIDSON





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

BRUCE DAVIDSON

FINNEY

The most satisfying British import since tweed may well be a handsome young Lancashire actor, Albert Finney, who can be seen either as the sick, young, impudent, frightened monk, Luther, who changed the Catholic world, in the play *Luther* which also has its sick moments, on Broadway, or as the kissing, bold, impudent Tom Jones in the eighteenth-century picaresque movie, *Tom Jones*, that swoons with green countrysides and white thick-petalled roses. As Tom, nothing can snuff out the blaze of Finney attractiveness. Off-stage, Albert Finney deliberately snuffs out his attractiveness. The public makes him uneasy. His gestures, when not acting, are few, his features blunt, his merger with crowds so complete that he could be dropped on a Midwestern campus and never be found again unless one looked for a boy with a Dunhill cigar and a brown suède cap ("muh Norrth Country image"). When he gets excited, however, his attractiveness explodes. In pantomime he demonstrated on the banks of the Schuylkill, where this photograph was taken, just what happened at the shake-down trials of *Luther* in England. "There I was, on stage, arms loaded with hammer, nails, paper scrolls for the Wittenberg Cathedral scene when the great door stuck. The audience laughed like mad."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *I Chose Capitol Punishment,* the new Art Buchwald book about Washington in which, in one chapter on news management, he wrote: "If the President calls up himself and complains about something you've written, you get fifty points and a round of free drinks at the Press Club." . . . Danny Meehan, a singer who has something of Aznavour about him as he sings the old-time musical comedy songs, with great rhythm and a burst of sex appeal. . . . *The Irregular Verb to Love,* an old-fashioned muddle of a play that would take a high-handed eccentric and a stiff breeze to get one through; instead it has the best possible, dated production, merging a living room that looks as though it had been painted in oatmeal with the spirited Cyril Ritchard and Claudette Colbert, a charming woman who here seems scrupulously dowdy and even perhaps as contemporary in tone as Mrs. Pankhurst.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The throb of the gospel song, "Pack It Up." . . . The big, sad, costly new shows on television, including "Burke's Law" in which Gene Barry, slick as an oil smear, is a cop with both a Rolls-Royce and a steamy set of terrible axioms that he calls Laws; the mess that is the Jerry Lewis amateur two hours; George C. Scott in "East Side, West Side" in which he plays a fairy godmother of a social worker who left his wand at home; the variety of TV programs that have discovered that the Great Heart of America goes out dramatically to any story about prostitutes.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The intricate dexterity, like a shell-game artist, of Alan Badel in the seduction scene of Anouilh's comedy, *The Rehearsal,* a quite fascinating jigsaw of a play that gives Coral Browne a superb chance to be a bitchy great lady. . . . The solid painting skill that lies behind the pink and white fluff of the late Florine Stettheimer's portraits at the Durlacher gallery. . . . The number of little girls watching TV wrestling under the impression that it is the funniest program on the networks.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The great glazed popcorn-eating fun of Jean Gabin and Alain Delon in *Any Number Can Win,* a movie of high-life crime that is only equalled by the fun of the Carol Reed movie, *The Running Man,* a thriller in the travelogue genre (South-of-Spain Division) with Laurence Harvey playing the only kind of rôle in which he is absolutely convincing—that of an hysteric who will Stop at Nothing to achieve his absurd purposes. . . . *A Short History of Fingers* by H. Allen Smith who quite rightly believes that the greatest commencement address he ever heard was delivered by the late Mayor Edward Joseph Kelly of Chicago who said: "Boys and girls, remember that when you go out into the world you will find that money won't buy happiness, money won't buy respect, money won't buy honour. Confederate money, that is."



POPOV

Oleg Popov, Russia's great clown, is a blond, blue-eyed, stocky young man with bulldog work habits who is sometimes pretty funny. At dress rehearsals of the one-ring Moscow Circus a few weeks ago, Popov—unamused—tried and re-tried everything: music cues, light cues, a toy rocket, his dog's taillight, a disturbed live hen. He also tested his gentle, totally funny "who-me?" stare, flicking it on and off with a facial switch as unsettling as if Dr. Jekyll became Harpo Marx. Almost continually "on," he follows most acts with a wistful but skillful parody of others' extraordinary circus feats. He mimics practically everything except the heavy pad, the light comic touch of the Russian bears. Sometimes he juggles a whirl of old pots and plates; once he dances marvellously like a baggy bird on a slack wire. All this goes on between darts backstage to a jealously-locked, portable dressing room little larger than a piano crate for his endless supply of props and costumes. Popov's act never stays the same: the joke he likes best is the one he's working on. For the circus's American tour, this month in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis, he added a little English, inking the words carefully on his wrist. He knows, ad lib, only one word, "tomorrow"—which is when, according to Popov, Popov had better be better than he is today.

Whizz-Quiz on Cars

TWO EXPERTS ANSWER VOGUE'S QUESTIONS BY OLIVIER GENDEBIEN AND JOHN JEROME

EDITOR'S NOTE: Olivier Gendebien and John Jerome are experts on opposite sides of the race-track barrier. Mr. Gendebien, a Belgian with a rugged, Fernandel-ish face, may be the world's greatest endurance driver. He has won the twenty-four-hour Le Mans race in France four times. John Jerome, a tall, thin, crew-cut young American, who named his cat Olivier Gendebien, is Managing Editor of the magazine, *Car and Driver*, and once ran his own newspaper, *Sports Car Digest*, in Texas. Now thirty years old, he is an informed "finger-pointer" at cars here and in Europe.

VOGUE: Mr. Gendebien, you are a great racing driver. What makes a good car good?

GENDEBIEN: The essential thing for *any* car is a negative quality—that it *never* has to go to the repair shop, or at least has to go as seldom as possible. A car is made to be on the road. A good car must be robust.

JEROME: American cars are, as we say in Texas, "hell for stout." If the desirable thing is a car that you can buy, drive, and forget, we produce the world's best.

VOGUE: Without speaking of pure speed, for a moment, is there an element of security in good acceleration?

GENDEBIEN: The least dangerous people on the road are those who know how to drive a car both fast and intelligently. I don't say that to go a hundred miles an hour on most roads is totally reasonable, but to know how to use the power of a car—particularly knowing how to pass other cars speedily—is a way of being careful.

VOGUE: Do you give credit to cars with quick pick-up?

(Continued on following page)

RACY LOOKS FOR THE CAR IN YOUR LIFE

The fashion for stretch

It amounts to a milestone, a historic placemarker in our life and times—the coming-of-age of stretch fabrics in clothes designed to give, take, flex, and flow along with our active way of living. Mobility, agility, new ease, new comfort—all this is built into stretch clothes and the whole stretch idea, getting bigger and taking new forms now, is developing into a serious part of fashion. Stretch clothes on the next pages (shown with the nifty new mobility of the 1964 cars) are all cut to look wonderfully muscle-toned—racy, lean, taut; the surprise, of course, is the feeling that they are actually as unfettering as a cat's skin is to a cat. And as stretchy.

THE CAR The face of the new Gilded One, opposite—a 1964 Cadillac Eldorado convertible. Speaking almost the same lines as last year (fins are 1" lower), the news here is Harrison air conditioning that keeps indoor temperature constant regardless of outside weather changes—this system is said to be more sensitive than people. More news: the metallic paint, and this optional idea—lights that turn on or off automatically, guided by natural daylight conditions (this system called, fancifully, the twilight sentinel), and can stay on for an extra 90 seconds to prevent groping through dark vexations—out of the garage, up strange steps.

THE CLOTHES Over-head is how all the clothes work on this racy driver—shirt-coat of stretch poplin in beige, stretching to a length that nears the hem of a grey flannel skirt, the tops of white leather boots. Also over-head, a pink turtleneck sweater, a white speed helmet over a white head-wrapping scarf. Shirt-coat of Dacron, cotton, and Lycra (Klopman fabric); about $27. Sweater of lamb's wool and Angora; about $18. Skirt of wool flannel; about $15. All by Evan-Picone. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Pigskin gloves by Fuchs. Lipstick: Scandia's Wild Canary.

GENE LAURENTS



WHIZZ-QUIZ

GENDEBIEN: Without a question.

JEROME: American cars score here again. Partly because of the popularity of drag-racing in this country, and partly because of the long distances American cars are designed for, we put very large and powerful engines in our cars. So they will *all* accelerate very well.

VOGUE: Aren't sports cars faster than regular cars?

GENDEBIEN: If you went by that, many large American sedans would be far more sporting than most sports cars. They go much faster.

VOGUE: Do people think sports cars are faster because they have four forward gears?

JEROME: The return of the four-speed-shift lever in the floor is an amazing development in the American automobile. Over twenty years ago the engineers went to great expense to move the gear shift out of the floor, where it was in the way. Now, with the influence of sports cars, the public is demanding (and paying extra for) a four-speed lever back on the floor. Most of the owners then drive the big-engined American cars by starting in first (or sometimes second) gear and shifting directly to fourth, rarely

(Continued on following page)

THE CAR Tenth generation of an exciting breed—the 1964 Thunderbird, here in frosted eye-shadow blue. The classic profile changes only subtly (hood longer, roof-line shorter), most of the news moves inside: airplane-like controls, a front passenger seat that, optionally, reclines and offers a liftable head-rest; the back seat curves around like a love seat. Seat-belt idea here that's new: off-duty they retract tidily, like tape-measures, into little cases to keep clean.

THE CLOTHES Looking like the beautiful mechanic in a dream-sequence, this car's custodian wears a leotard of silvery white stretch fabric with a wide chained turtleneck, long sleeves, long legs. With it here, a space-queen helmet, white boots which, at home, could turn to silver. Leotard by Ulla, of Len Artel cotton-and-nylon; about $155 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin. Coro necklace. Fuchs pigskin gloves.

GENE LAURENTS



WHIZZ-QUIZ continued

using the gears between.

VOGUE: Well, has the four-speed shift any advantage?

JEROME: It certainly has for racing, as I'm sure Mr. Gendebien would agree. But for ordinary driving, it's at best a pleasant affectation—kind of fun to use, and kind of in the way—but less *convenient* than a really good automatic transmission . . . and automatic transmissions are now getting really good.

VOGUE: What about braking?

GENDEBIEN: Braking must be in direct proportion to speed. We are starting on the era of the disc brake. One of the first cars to have disc brakes won triumphantly, thanks to them, the twenty-four hour race at Le Mans in 1953, 1955, 1956, and 1957. The disc brake's essential characteristic is that the more you brake, the better and the more the brake brakes. With a drum brake, on the other hand, the more you brake, the less the brake brakes.

JEROME: It's a technical advance that we're slow with in this country. But then the disc brake is a kind of icing-on-the-cake feature. The cost is high, (Continued on page 177)



THE CAR Wide-angled, at left, the 1964 Pontiac Grand Prix sports coupe, hard-topped in vinyl. Introduced last year, this car has developed a widened look toward the rear, stacked-up headlights, an extra inch of length now. Available: the Electro-Cruise system that maintains a set speed—freeing feet from accelerator-work.

THE CLOTHES A pale-blue overblouse, left, of stretch gabardine, laminated to Curon, over a black velveteen top. Skirt, white wool flannel. All by Robert Sloan. Overblouse of cotton and Chemstrand nylon (Galey & Lord fabric); about $35. Skirt, of Stevens fabric; about $25. Black top, about $25. All at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Helmet by Mr. John.

THE CAR The 1964 Oldsmobile F-85 Cutlass coupe, opposite, spruced up here in chic forestry green. Curved glass windows now and new room for legs, heads, entrance. Optional: air conditioning teamed with the heating system, both under one control; a tilt-to-taste steering wheel, to accommodate all sizes of drivers.

THE CLOTHES White overblouse and skirt, opposite, of stretch fabric, over a brown sweater and tights. White top and skirt by Sloat; each about $25, in Milliken fabric of Avisco rayon and Du Pont nylon. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Rich's; Dayton's. Scarf from Knize. Fuchs pigskin gloves. Goggles from Abercrombie & Fitch. Lipstick: Dior 38. Both pages: Golo boots of Levor suèded kidskin.

GENE LAURENTS




MOBILE

"I ADORE CARS"

by Françoise Sagan

I'm bored by the automobile that is the paranoiac's steam valve . . . death's plaything . . . a perennial topic of chitchat. And much as I like to get into certain cars, I also like to get out of them with a modicum of decency. Without, that is, having my clothes ripped to shreds, without being bruised all over, without there being a couple of nuns wrapped around the bumper, very dead. Having said this much, I must also say that I adore automobiles and all their uses.

First in the running is: Car, a means of transportation. You leave the house in the morning, exhausted. You sink into a steel-cased armchair, press a button, shift your feet ever so slightly, and your armchair rolls off, parallel with the earth, in whatever direction you've chosen. You have only to steer clear of all the other armchairs moving around you and, sooner or later, you reach your destination without having had to make a move.

Car Number Two—I made extensive use of this one in the wild days of my youth—is the home-away-from-home car. (The most compact compact will do tidily.) One fine day, you toss a toothbrush into the glove compartment, one dress and two pullovers into the trunk, and you leave home with the whole family watching tearfully from the window. If you are living in Paris on the Right Bank, you decide to drive as far as the Left Bank. You drop in on some friends, you spend the night, you consult your address book the way the rest of the world pores over the *Guide Michelin*, and in the morning you take off.

If you are in top form, you *can* visit a ski resort. Otherwise, simply put up at a hotel. The important thing is to change locale every evening. By the end of two weeks, you have driven a hundred miles, looked in on old friends—and you have not received a single phone call. This is one of the most enchanting kinds of vacation I know, but a car is a must, for in the event that certain old friends are not longing to see you again, it is disagreeable to have to look for a taxi.

Number Three is: Car, a poem. Everyone knows about this. Misty-eyed tenderness for the dear old thing and, if it happens also to be a handsome old thing, the animal metaphor: "A tiger. Purrs like a tiger. Sleeps by my door, and all shining, savage, and submissive, waits for me to arouse her, etc. etc." Here aesthetics and possession are mixed in a sentiment too familiar for me to dally over.

Number Four is the painful one: Car, a machine. If my car stalls—and if the gas gauge does not read zero—I go after a mechanic. But who lives alone? Few things in life are so trying for the nerves as to be in your own car, at the wheel or not, with a grown man and to have the car, for no reason, stop. You are asked, ironically, if "you remembered to get gas?" Yes. If "you had the oil checked lately?" (Continued on next page)



THE CAR Spurting up the opposite page, the 1964 Lincoln Continental convertible. Its good looks continue smoothly unspoiled (cluttering the sweep of these sleek sides would be like tromping, needlessly, through beautifully driven snow), but this car is three inches longer now, the extra length allotted to doorway and leg-room for back-seat passengers. The grillwork is lower, wider; the top, when up, is five inches wider, a fraction higher, for more coiffure-room.

THE CLOTHES Stretching on the Continental deck, silvery space-queen pyjamas to wear, usually, for parties at home. Taut, lean, goose-necked, they're made of stretch fabric that gives like a sweater; the straight pants are tucked into silver boots. Scaasi Boutique for Martini, of Helanca nylon and Lurex (Kandelaft-Bucol fabric). To order at Henri Bendel; Frederick & Nelson. The wiglets by Joseph Fleischer. Boots by Evins.

GENE LAURENTS



"I ADORE CARS"

Yes. "Then it must be the distributor." You suggest a mechanic. Sacrilege. "Do you suppose that at my age I need a mechanic to fix a distributor?" Out he climbs and, whether he's in a turtleneck or a dinner jacket, disappears under the hood. You stay in the car. Now and then he emerges—filthier each time—to tell you to start up the engine. Never does it turn out to be the distributor. That's what always gets the blame but that's never what it is. Of the two technical terms I am able to remember, one is that innocent martyr, the distributor. The other is piston rods, the mere mention of which is enough, like *Macbeth's* Three Witches, to bring all travellers to a halt.

The fifth definition is: Car, a means of communication. If you are in Paris and if you have a convertible, you need never turn on the radio. You will never have time to listen to it. There is, first of all, the sarcastic Parisian: "Having fun? Think you're on your vacation?" Then the technical buffs: "What horsepower? How many cylinders? You don't know? What do you mean, (Continued on page 179)

THE CAR Shshshsh — this is the 1964 Imperial LeBaron in a completely new design that specializes in a new degree of quiet, managed by 154 refinements of operation that hush up everything including wind noise (the clock isn't exactly strident either). Further news: a crisped roof-line with more getting-in room, new window slants, the luxe midnight-blue colour. Optional: Chrysler's Airtemp—the same air-conditioning idea used in their units for houses; adjustable steering wheel; a vinyl cover for hard-tops.

THE CLOTHES Stretching a dazzle-point here, an evening suit made of glamour-with-give—quilted stretch brocade in a pale gold colour, with cuffed neck, zipped front, culotte-pleats. Gilded over here: a dark green velvet bodice. Scaasi Boutique for Martini, in rayon, nylon, and Chromflex (Orceyre fabric). To order at Henri Bendel. Richelieu bracelets. Golo boots of Levor suèded kidskin. The hairpiece by Joseph Fleischer.







THE CAR AS HERO

Eight unforgettable cars from books by

James Agee
Edward Salisbury Field
F. Scott Fitzgerald
Ernest Hemingway
Jack Kerouac
John Steinbeck
John O'Hara
Vladimir Nabokov

JAMES AGEE'S HERO: A TIN LIZZIE

She knew he would try not to wake the neighbours and the children; and that it was impossible to start the auto quietly. She waited with sympathy and amusement, and with habituated dread of his fury and of the profanity she was sure would ensue, spoken or unspoken.

Uhgh—hy uh yu hy why uhy uh: wheek-uh-wheek-uh:

Ughh—hy wh yuh: wheek:

(now the nearly noiseless, desperate adjustments of spark and throttle and choke)

Ughgh—hyuh yuhyuh wheek yuh yuh wheek wheek wheek yuh yuh-yuh: wheek:

(which she never understood and, from where she stayed now, could predict so well):

Ughgh—Ughgh—yuhyuh*Ugh* wheek yuh yuh *Ughgh* yuh wheek wheek yuhyuh: wheek wheek: uh:

(like a hideous, horribly constipated great brute of a beast: like a lunatic sobbing: like a mouse being tortured):

Ughgh—Ughgh—Ughgh (Poor

(Continued on page 126)



THE CAR The 1964 Buick Riviera, left, its racy luxe keeping virtually to the lines that launched it, spectacularly, last year. Now the engine is bigger, and there's this news: the transmission (an operation that sends power from engine to wheels) works on the turbine principle—meaning fewer working parts to wear out, improved mileage.

THE CLOTHES Wonderful stretch of white—an over-the-head suit, left, of stretch wool-and-nylon worn over a bright yellow sweater with high funnel neck. This, with welted seaming, shirt cuffs, and the racy extras of a helmet, ribbed tights, black boots. Suit by Marquise, of wool and Du Pont nylon (Anglo fabric); about $200 at Bergdorf Goodman. Emme helmet. Viola Weinberger gloves, zipped to fit like racing gloves. Beautiful Bryans tights. Eskiloos vinyl boots by U.S. Rubber, of Royalon. Goggles from Abercrombie & Fitch.

THE CAR Backing in, above: the 1964 Ford Galaxie 500 XL convertible with this much back news—a new flexible glass backlight; a back window that's stronger, less scratchable; thin-shell bucket seats that increase leg-room for back-seat passengers. Other news: widely spaced dual headlights, and more new angles to the roofing arrangements. (And about roofs — hardtop versions of this car can be vinyl-covered, have a new form of roof-to-deck line.)

THE CLOTHES Another great white way to raciness now—a windbreak, above, of white stretch twill with a fly-front zipper, long shirt sleeves, the slimness that stretch clothes can achieve without a look—or feel—of tightness. Other great whites here: the shiny helmet, stocking-high boots. The skirt, here, is grey wool flannel. Windbreak of Dacron and cotton (Klopman fabric); about $27. Skirt, of Pacific fabric; about $15. Both by Toni Owen, at Bonwit Teller, Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Helmet at Abercrombie & Fitch.

GENE LAURENTS

THE CAR AS HERO

thing, he must be simply furious) *Ughgh*—wheek—*Whughughyuh*—*Ughwheekyuhuughgyughyuhyuhy* a a a a a a h h h h h h R h R h-R H R H R H (oh, *stop* it!) R H R H (a window went up) R H R H R H R-H R H R yuhyhh RRHRHRHRHRH-RHRHRHRHRHRH (the door smacked to in rage and triumph) RhRhRh--------(the window went down) RHRHRHRHRH (the machine backed out; crackling on the cinders). RHRH-----(he wrenched it rudely but adroitly in a backward curve, almost to the chicken wire; from between the houses, light from the street caught its black side) rhrh ----(and swung as rudely round the corner of the barn and, by opposite turn, into the alley, facing eastward, where it stood) rhrh -------- (obedient, conquered, malicious as a mule, while he briefly reappeared, faced towards the house, saw her, waved one hand—she waved, but he did not see her—and drew the gate shut, disappearing beyond it) rhrhrhrhrhrhrh RHRHRHRHRHRHR

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C utta wawwwwk:
Craaawwrk?
Chiquawkwawh.
Wrrawkuhkuhkuh.
Craarrawwk.
rwrwrk?
yrk.
rk:

She released a long breath, very slowly, and went into the house.

FROM "A DEATH IN THE FAMILY," OBOLENSKY, 1957. Cont., page 178

GENE LAURENTS



THE CAR Nothing but news, above—the new Chrysler Turbine, an experimental car of which fifty will be made and tested this year. Main element of the turbine engine: a bladed wheel which rotates when a mixture of air and gases flows through it, providing power like a windmill. This car's engine is the fourth in a series of experimental turbines, has dazzling improvements (earlier models had, for instance, only one regenerator—imagine!), and the whole turbine idea simplifies power: 80% fewer moving parts than a conventional piston engine. Other advantages: a jet-plane whoosh on take-off, ability to run on any liquid that flows and burns—diesel oil, kerosene, perhaps Arpège.

THE CLOTHES Since turbine means something that spins around, the term applies to the cinnamon corduroy shirt-coat-dress on this page that is spinning around smartly now—a pullover, seven-eighths length (to show long white boots), with uppy collar, shirt sleeves, a halfway zipper. Under the surface: a laminated layer of Curon. By Loomtogs, in Cone stretch fabric of cotton and Chemstrand nylon. About $50 at Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz. Boots by Nina, in John Flymn elkskin. Helmet and goggles: Abercrombie & Fitch.

THE CAR New zip and go, opposite—the 1964 Corvette Sting Ray. Its crouching raciness is much the same as before, with these new angles: extra grillwork has been removed, giving a sleeker fast-fish look; the rear window is now all of a piece; the vents at the sides now circulate air (last year's were only ornaments); a quieter ride and—since something was done to the springs—a smoother one. The headlights continue the sleeping-doll idea: they close when resting.

THE CLOTHES Black leotard, right, of stretch nylon jersey with close turtleneck, long zippered sleeves, long legs. Waistcoat of alligator-marked white vinyl. Both by Ulla. Leotard in Alamac jersey of Du Pont nylon, with Talon Zephyr zippers; about $50. Waistcoat, about $23. Both at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Viola Weinberger gloves. Boots by Capezio. Goggles from Abercrombie & Fitch.



"THE WORLD



The Best of the Best:
IN VOGUE"



A magnificent Marseilles bouillabaisse of an anthology—that is what the editors of the new, enormous, fascinating Viking book, *The World in Vogue*, have made of some seventy years of Vogue magazine. They used ingenuity, skill, taste. They put in the fun of seven decades. They put in the great old names—Vanderbilt, Astor, Rockefeller. They used some delicious fashion drawings of beauties in feathers. They also told what happened to the world in those years without making nostalgia—and fake nostalgia at that—the key of this curious, absorbing, beautiful record. They put in not only two world wars but the lovely arts that flourished no matter what happened. They included Society, of course, and fashion, but they have the theatre, the cars, the planes, atomic scientists, presidents, and such wilful sporting characters as Barney Oldfield, Jack Dempsey, and Willie Mays. The statistics alone have a certain fascination—and not just for accountants: there are 416 pages, more than 600 illustrations, some 32 of them in full colour. There are 68 authors, some as frivolous as A. Conan Doyle, some as serious as Marianne Moore. (Excerpts from some of these writers are on the next three pages.) The editors are mad for portraits—and among those not shown on the next pages are those of Chanel, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Amelia Earhart, Dior, and Man O' War. In many ways this civilized record takes notice of the amusements and of the exploration of space. But its final love is the proper love of Names. The Names would knock you over. These are the names that not only made news, but in a sense this country and its attitude towards itself. For the Names are International and Vogue always got to them. Never too impressed, always ready to laugh—that is *The World in Vogue*.

GLORIA SWANSON *in* Male and Female, *one of her most glorious excursions into the cuckoo land of the movies before talkies. No great star of that era ever had more intrinsic magic than Miss Swanson, ever enjoyed the full absurdities, the charming nuttiness. The movies were the fun house of the world. Spit-curled, with furs draped in furs, in cars of such elegance that royalty would have been afraid of them, Miss Swanson flashed her strong square smile, quirked her blue almond-shaped eyes (her head was too large for her body). She dressed herself like a caparisoned Saracen's horse and swept herself into the affections of the public. It was all a magnificent barbecue of love—and it was over all too soon.*



Alfred G. Vanderbilt's famous road four, 1907.

LADY OF FASHION: "Her Diary." . . . Wednesday night I went to the dinner-dance at Mrs. Ogden Mills's. . . . She has servants in knee-breeches, too, which I think looks very well. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish says hers hate wearing powder, and that's a pity, because all that sort of ceremonious costuming of servants is part of the great social game, and I do think it's amusing to see it played well. . . .

DOROTHY PARKER: "Life on a Permanent Wave." . . . No matter where one might see Monsieur, one would know immediately that he was a hairdresser. He probably came into the world clutching a pair of curling tongs. He spoke not a word of English, and I have no French, so I felt we would get along well together. . . . In the very middle of the floor stood a chair, much like a dentist's chair and just about as inviting. Directly above it, a strange machine hung from the ceiling—a mass of wires and coils and batteries, twisted and intermingled with diabolical ingenuity. . . .

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD: "Ten thousand Nights in a Dinner Coat." . . . The feast begins with a clear turtle soup, with forcemeat balls. Then follow, in stately sequence, terrapin; *filet de boeuf à la jardinière*, with truffles; and three hot vegetables; a *pâté de foie gras* encased in jelly; hot artichokes with Barigoule sauce; a *sorbet à la surprise* (so called because, being essentially ice cream, the guests believed the dinner to be over as soon as they saw it). After the sorbet comes the most gustful and delectable dish of all, canvasback duck—served very hot and very rare, with plenty of currant jelly, celery salad, and hominy; then a sugar-cured ham with a *sauce Maintenon*. Camembert cheese (as an excuse for the Burgundy or Johannisberger); coffee, hothouse grapes, *marrons glacés*, and cigars. . . .

COLETTE: "Mannequins." . . . In short, man, nowadays, feels at home wherever feminine luxury is created and displayed. The latest snobbery puts him entirely at his ease there for, at the dress shows, he will meet the painter of the moment, the smart socialite and her novelist, the politician and his Egeria. . . .

In the modernized form of the most luxurious of industries the mannequin, survivor of voluptuous barbarism, is like a victim loaded with spoils. . . .

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: "The Clark's Fork Valley, Wyoming." . . . Up the river were the two peaks of Pilot and Index where we would hunt mountain sheep later in the month, and you sat in the sun and marvelled at the formal, clean-lined shape mountains can have at a distance, so that you remember them in the shapes they show from far away, and not as the broken rockslides you crossed, the jagged edges you pulled up by, and the narrow shelves you sweated along, afraid to look down, to round that peak that looked so smooth and geometrical. . . .

CECIL BEATON: "The Wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor." . . . The Duke himself attends to the positions of the squashed strawberry chairs for the thirty-two guests, and to the candlesticks and the draping of the curtains. . . .



John Barrymore, one of the greatest Hamlets.



George Gershwin, who wrote the music for Porgy and Bess.



Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward in Coward's comedy, Private Lives.



The Duke and Duchess of Windsor at the time of their marriage.



Eunice, Jack, and Patricia Kennedy before fame struck them all of a heap.

G. B. STERN: "Conversational Kleptomania." . . . *The Sword and the Stone* challenged "Alice" by the number of its intoxicating contributions to our daily talk. . . . I will content myself by noting down only one (for me) wholly indispensable fragment: "Come along, Robin Hood," snapped King Pellinore, for once in a temper, "stop leaning on your bow with that look of negligent woodcraft!" . . .

HOWARD TAUBMAN: "They Pack Them In." . . . Of all the stars who have been the answer to an opera manager's dream, no one has packed them in more consistently since the days of Caruso and Farrar than Kirsten Flagstad.



Picasso's "Seated Woman."

Amedeo Modigliani, a master painter and sculptor.





Sir Winston Churchill, robed for the Coronation of Elizabeth II.

...When she sings the "Liebestod" at the end of *Tristan und Isolde*, she is no longer an opera singer wearing grease paint and watching the conductor's beat. She is an Irish princess and a woman. She raises her arms slowly with the gathering momentum of the music, and the great, flexible voice soars over the hundred instruments of the orchestra....
FRANK CROWNINSHIELD: "The House of Vanderbilt."... The house, at the time of its début, was a terrifying conglomeration of cornices, attics, dwarf pilasters, entablatures, and arched openings. With respect to its furniture and decorations, it was also a masterpiece of poor taste. It was really William H. Vanderbilt himself who was primarily at fault, for he had merely, in the manner of rich and busy men, given his decorators *carte blanche* to roam the world and create, at their own sweet will, what to them might seem the most beautiful habitation in New York....
JOHN MASON BROWN: "Thanks to Casey Jones."... Who knows, too, but that when you



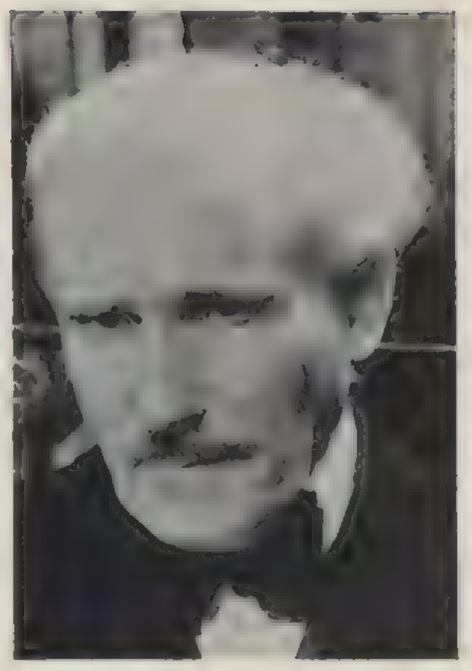
Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the thirty-first President.

are travelling by rail these days, you may be so fortunate as to ride on a train that goes through Washington.... For the surest way to become an authority at present is just to have come from Washington.
LEE AND CARL ERICKSON: "Exodus." We left Senlis in a ramshackle car, bought that morning, and joined a slowly moving mass of carts, farm wagons, *camions*, and cars piled with bedding and families; refugees on foot, some women with thin shoes worn through, stumbling along on swollen, bleeding feet, pushing perambulators, pulling carts, carrying babies, dragging small exhausted children by the hand....



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in her drawing room, classic Louis XVI.

ALBERT CAMUS: "The Crisis of Man." When a European has formulated the idea that life is tragic, he judges that he has become as intelligent as possible. Naturally this is stupidity. But it seems to me that when an American has persuaded himself that life is a good thing and pain does not exist he judges that he has shown himself as reasonable as possible. This, of course, is a grievous error. Face to face with a similar condition, Europe and America suffer from contradictory ills. It seems to me as unreasonable to say that we must not be pessimistic as it is to say that we must not be optimistic....
W. H. AUDEN: "Opera Addict." No one is dispassionate on the subject of opera. Either he thinks it the most ridiculous and boring entertainment ever devised by man or he becomes an addict who



Arturo Toscanini, the greatest conductor of his time.

will cheerfully sacrifice his health, his fortune, and his friends to gratify his craving....
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM: "Maugham Epigrams."... If women were ridiculous because their husbands are unfaithful to them, there would surely be a great deal more merriment in the world than there is.
DAPHNE DU MAURIER: "Just Idling Along."... But the delights of monotony are not for everyone. One must have at the basis of one's character a fundamental streak of dullness, a sort of apathy to pleasure and to excitement. And few people will admit to being dull. It is the ultimate deadly sin, which I glory in with complacency....
RUMER GODDEN: "Meditation on Simplicity."... One of the dangerous things about simplicity is that it can mean artlessness, credulity, silliness, folly, and posing—and it often does. I want to think of it together with freedom and power, the two wings of living....
BERTRAND RUSSELL: "My Grandmother and Mr. Gladstone."... To those who only know of Mr. Gladstone from books, his career must appear unintelligible.

Irving Berlin in 1942 in his 1917 uniform singing, "Oh, How I Hate to Get up in the Morning."





George Bernard Shaw, the greatest modern playwright.

In books he seems a sanctimonious humbug, to whose authority people submitted for no discoverable reason. In real life he was different. His hawk's eye was terrible as an army in battle, his deep bass voice inspired awe, and his rounded, inexorable periods produced a sense of doom....
TRUMAN CAPOTE: "New York."... Lunch today with M. Whatever is one to do about her? She says the money is gone finally and, unless she goes home, her family refuse absolutely to help. Cruel, I suppose, but I told her I did not see the alternative. She



Penn study of a fashion.

belongs to that sect most swiftly, irrevocably trapped by New York, the talented untalented; too acute to accept a more provincial climate, yet not quite acute enough to breathe freely within the one so desired, they go along neurotically feeding upon the fringes of the New York scene....
JEAN COCTEAU: "The Best of Talk."... It was at the Princesse de Polignac's. I liked the Princesse; I liked her sly way of handing down irrevocable verdicts, accompanying these verdicts with a little smile half hidden in her tulle, while she swung her head

(Continued on next page)



Mary Martin in South Pacific.

with the movement of a malicious young elephant; I liked her magnificent profile like a cliff worn by the sea. . . .

CHRISTOPHER FRY: "Laughter."... Comedy is an escape, not from truth but from despair: a narrow escape into faith. . . .

ELIZABETH BOWEN: "The Light in the Dark." The idea of Christmas is like a note struck on glass—long ago and forever. . . .



Albert Einstein, intellectual adventurer, a towering figure even to those who never understood his theory of relativity.

REBECCA WEST: "The Art of Scepticism." Scepticism is a pompous name for a simple and necessary process which is seen in its purest form in the kitchen.

When making an omelet one does not break the eggs straight into the basin in which they are going to be mixed. One cracks each egg separately into a cup, sniffs it to see if it is good, then adds it to the others. . . .

JACQUELINE LEE BOUVIER: "People I Wish I Had Known." Putting them in chronological order, I would say that the three men I should most like to have known were Charles Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, and Sergei Diaghilev. . . .

JOYCE CARY: "Revolution of the Women."... She has discovered, if she has any time over from the daily turmoil to think



The Eisenhower Inauguration: a drawing that includes Harry S. Truman, Richard M. Nixon, and Mrs. Eisenhower, with Chief Justice Vinson offering the laurel crown to General Eisenhower.

about such matters, that freedom is a burden and a responsibility, and any doctor can tell you what that means in nervous pressure. But you don't find any woman who would change places with her grandmother. . . .

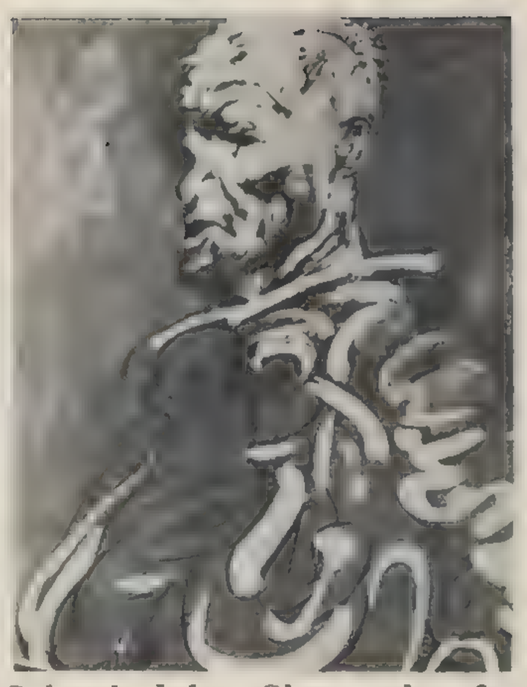
SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY: "'Brothers, I Presume?'" ... It is no wonder that we do not have more men of political courage, willing to go out on a limb for what they believe. It is no wonder that a famous Senator half a century ago had become so accustomed to political caution and guarded opinions that when he went to see the Siamese Twins he warily asked the guard at the exhibit, "Brothers, I presume?"...

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "G. B. S. on Women."... "Home is the girl's prison and the woman's workhouse."...

PHYLLIS McGINLEY: "How to Get Along with a Man."... The New Woman has turned out to be romantically domestic. . . .

Marlene Dietrich, eternal allure.





Colonel John Glenn, the first American to take the risk of orbit.

LAWRENCE DURRELL: "A Little Game."... "'I am playing a little game in my mind,' he said, and his expression was one of utter, murderous grimness. 'I am imagining that I am in a sleigh with the whole Diplomatic Corps. We are rushing across the steppes, pursued by wolves. It is necessary, as they keep gaining on us, to throw a diplomat overboard from time to time in order to let the horses regain their advantage. Who would you throw first... then second... and then third ...? Just look around you.'"...

RENÉ DUBOS: "Life Must Surpass Itself." The human future is not what is inevitably bound to happen, a situation determined by antecedent events and by the blind operation of natural forces. What happens to man is conditioned largely by human imagination and human will. . . .



Leontyne Price of the Metropolitan Opera Company; prima donna, a great soprano.

Opposite: Marilyn Monroe, tragic, beautiful, unrepeatable.

BERT STERN





W. EUGENE SMITH

STRAVINSKY TALKS WITH KHRUSHCHEV

during the composer's first visit to Russia in forty-eight years

BY ROBERT CRAFT



EDITOR'S NOTE: Igor Stravinsky, undoubtedly the most famous composer today—he has been famous since 1910—conducts, composes, and travels without let. At the *left*, he is shown off again on one of his great swings, this time at Idlewild Airport, with as usual in his entourage, his wife, and a conductor-colleague, Robert Craft, who has spent some fifteen years or so with Stravinsky, noting down the master's reactions and his observations, a fantastic modern Boswellian note-taking that has resulted in four books, published by Doubleday. In August 15, 1958, Vogue published an excerpt from one of those books; here from the new fourth book, *Dialogues and a Diary*, is another excerpt, this time one that includes a notable conversation with Premier Khrushchev.

Paris-Moscow. in a Soviet TU-104. Vodka and *zakuski*—sprats, herring, caviar—served by hostesses who have not been to charm school and have no camera smiles. Nearing Moscow we fly low over forests turning yellow, meadows still green, lakes, boat-busy rivers and canals: an unexpectedly rich and tidy landscape to one who has imagined something muddy and sprawling—the Russia that Igor Stravinsky characterizes as a combination of "*caviar et merde.*" I.S., straining to see, is excited and open-mouthed, and Vera [Mrs. Stravinsky] is choked with emotion. Fifteen months of uncertainty have come to an end. Aground, we taxi past airplanes from Poland, Bulgaria, and China, unseen in our world. A reception committee pushes to the door, and I.S. emerges, bowing deeply—a gesture out of another era, as his dark glasses are glaringly symbolic of another kind of life (Hollywood, I regret to say). We move toward television lights blinded, like moths.

Familiar faces among those helping us to a waiting room: Tikhon Khrennikov and Kara Karayev. And familiar-by-resemblance: a woman with the slant eyes Picasso saw in I.S., singing to me in a high voice "*Je suis la nièce de Monsieur Stravinsky.*" Another, a short and stout woman whom I mistake for Jacob Epstein, says "*Ich bin Yudina,*" [Professor Maria Yudina, pianist, and Stravinsky's arch supporter] and plants a wet kiss. Someone else hands me a birch-bark basket containing moss, a twig, a blade of wheat, an acorn, a leaf, telling me (in English) she is the daughter of the poet Konstantin Balmont.

Inside the terminal we shake scores of hands and hear "*dobro pozhalovat'*," over and over, from large, round, smiling faces. Most of those present have waited a seesawing year for this moment, and some have hoped or feared a far longer time still; to Yudina, for example, it must fulfill a lifelong dream. That is why the atmosphere is like a child's birthday party, why everyone, and not least the I.S.'s, is bursting with relief. A neat, bright-eyed young woman introduces herself as my interpreter, Alexandra Alexandrovna, and we pack into a limousine.

A divided turnpike, through birch and pine woods. A cold pink sunset with an Edvard Munch feeling. Moscow lights up as we enter, and Vera vainly studies the miles of new apartment buildings on Leningrad Prospect for landmarks. At the National Hotel, the airport committee, only slightly diminished, awaits us again, but this time their welcoming is sealed in vodka and sweet champagne. The event of Russian musical history, some say, and others tell me, privately, that they are still rubbing their eyes, never having believed that it would happen. When I.S. reads a telegram from Shostakovich, national sentiment flows with the national champagne, and gets even thicker.

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KHRUSHCHEV AND STRAVINSKY TALK—BUT NOT ABOUT MUSIC

Telephone from the Kremlin at noon fixing an appointment with Khrushchev, who has returned late last night from a twelve-day tour. We enter by the Bashnya Borovitskaya at 1:30. Khrennikov says, simply, "Nikita Sergeyevich," and the guard asks no identification.

A solitary soldier stands at the door, and a civilian secretary leads the I.S.'s to a tiny elevator and walks the two flights with me. A large cloakroom, a long corridor, a waiting room like a doctor's office, with a table of foreign-language magazines and a portrait of Marx on the wall like a doctor's old professor. After five minutes here, the same secretary ushers us to a long green room with a long conference table covered in green billiard cloth.

Khrushchev, behind a desk at the far end, sees I.S.'s limp and hurries to approach. I.S., addressing him "Nikita Sergeyevich," apologizes "for taking time that must be doubly crowded after your long absence." Khrushchev, hardly taller than I.S., with brown, swivel eyes—you would not be able to look if they were larger—gives us short, energetic handshakes with a pudgy, short-fingered paw. "But I wanted very much to meet you."

We sit at the head of the billiard table, I.S. and Vera facing Khrushchev, myself and Khrennikov next to him. Lenin is present, too, in a photograph on the wall behind Khrushchev's desk, and in a frame on his blotter next to a file marked *Tass;* and Marx, beyond racks of pull-out maps, over the door.

Khrushchev rests his rimless spectacles on the green felt, asserts his elbows there, and begins to talk about his trip. "I had been promising to visit Turkestan and the Aral Sea region for a long time and though I was too busy now, I felt I had to do it. I was so impressed by what I saw that I came back by train to have time to think about it."

He describes the irrigation of the "Hungry Desert," in which "skeletons of camels have been found, though no humans have been able to exist there. We have built a canal thirteen-hundred kilometres long and redirected the once dried-up Amu Darya. Rice and cotton are now growing, and in a few years the whole region will flourish."

Anticipating the future, and not only of these regions, Khrushchev beams with pleasure and becomes even more excited and energetic. He smiles, then, exposing a gallery of dental gold, but he does not smile all the time, which is one's impression of him from newspapers. "The world's largest and fastest supersonic jets are being built in Tashkent," he says, smiling at the prospect of the Soviet lead in "inertial navigation."

He describes a territory, (Continued on page 184)





FRANCIS BACON

A GREAT, SHOCKING, ECCENTRIC PAINTER

BY LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Some years ago, in London, I sat for my portrait. The artist was a slow worker, so I spent days looking at the back of the canvas on his easel. Since he was a friend of Francis Bacon's, I had something to look at during our sessions. He was painting on the reverse side of an abandoned work of Bacon's. There was, I remember, the shadowy outline of a figure, dark against a whipped-up background of blue and other colours. It looked like a mad scientist in a greenhouse.

Bacon appeared in London, after World War II, with a few turbulent and anguished paintings. The impact of these paintings was terrific, but rumour was persistent that the works shown were merely the tip of the iceberg. For every painting that he let out of the studio, there were said to be rows of discarded or slashed masterpieces. The canvas on which my portrait was being done was one of these works. A double drama became associated with Bacon: There was the struggle of a desperate man who destroyed most of his own work; and, there was, too, the violence of the imagery in the paintings that did survive—meat decomposing or people screaming.

For years Bacon was inseparable from rumour and legend. His nonchalance towards the preservation of his own work, his pleasure in gambling, his visits to an André Gidean North Africa, were all threads in the story. (One anecdote I remember had an English art student sketching on a beach in North Africa. An Arab came up to him and opened the conversation: "Do you know Francis Bacon?") It is a characteristic of the successful twentieth-century artist to live in a goldfish bowl. Once an artist has been awarded a goldfish bowl of his own, his whole life becomes information that he shares with the world. The world troops through the studio today. Bacon, though the object of great curiosity, has managed to live in the goldfish bowl and preserve a great deal of privacy. In fact, the violence associated with his name has acted as a screen behind which he could live and work as he wanted.

Bacon is in his early fifties, but does not look it. It is neither the regularity of his work habits nor the circumspection of his life that has given him his remarkable youthfulness. On the contrary, he has never spared himself, never been a man to take it easy. Bacon does not like abstract art and dismisses it casually as mere decoration—an opinion revealing the indifference with which Bacon protects himself from subjects that are of no interest to him. Nevertheless, he is the only painter of his age who continues to interest the younger artists in England, many of whom *are* abstract painters. No other painter of Bacon's generation in England (a mild lot) has displayed the particular qualities of nerve and obsession that seem to characterize the best modern painters in other countries.

An exhibit of more than sixty paintings by Bacon has opened at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Surrounded as one is at the Museum, by an abundance of large (Continued on next page)

FRANCIS BACON, who is now having an extraordinary exhibition at New York's Guggenheim Museum, arranged by its curator, Lawrence Alloway, is an original, a discoverer of new ways with a memory of the old. (In the photograph here, taken in Bacon's studio, there is at his left a Rembrandt self-portrait reproduction.) To some people he is a shocker as a painter, to some he is only an eccentric with a known compulsion towards gambling. To some he is bats. To others, however, he is by far the greatest painter in Britain. An isolated man, sometimes extremely attractive, sometimes curiously aloof, who wants to record the faces he sees, he is frequently surprised that certain spectators think of his paintings as screams of rage, for there is little of the rebel about him. He lives his unsettled life comfortably in disorder. With great candour he knows that he horrifies. Before the Guggenheim, the Tate Gallery in London gave him, several years ago, a show, oddly violent in reaction since his paintings are so quiet, mirages often of multiple images, of sliding, melting faces that make some spectators feel their eyes are out of focus.

PENN



BACON, IN THE FAMOUS DISORDER OF HIS LONDON STUDIO

FRANCIS BACON

continued

spectacular works, it is hard to remember that Bacon achieved fame first as a painter almost without paintings. Gradually, he has separated himself from the web of rumours and party talk that surrounded him, and, in the last few years, has become a very much more productive painter. At least he has allowed much more of his productivity to remain. At the Guggenheim, for example, though the show is retrospective, and goes back to 1946, at least twenty percent of the works were painted within the last three years. Bacon has made the transition from cult figure to major painter with his later work fully displayed, not shielded by being held back or destroyed. (American collectors, incidentally, were on to Bacon early, and the present exhibition draws on American, as well as European, sources.)

It used to be thought that abstract painting was difficult to appreciate and that figurative art was easy because it appealed directly to common experience. This argument was O.K. for the *early* twentieth century, but is no longer convincing in the changed situation of mid-century art. Good art and bad, difficult art and easy, are no longer identifiable with set styles, but only with the uses artists make of them. The work of Francis Bacon is among the reasons that this easy antithesis has to be abandoned. There is, for instance, little agreement as to what the subject matter of his paintings really is. There are nudes, but what are they doing? There are men in spaces that look like hotel rooms; or they may just be corners of Bacon's studios. The scenes are clearly displayed and yet not decipherable into verbal explanations. Bacon is fully prepared for this situation, or at least used to it, because he says: "Everybody has his own interpretation of a painting he sees. I don't mind if they have different interpretations of what I have painted." Certainly his critics have made full use of this freedom (which is, perhaps, rather insolently bestowed—like Apollo granting Midas' imprudent wish for gold). His figures of Popes have been explained as anti-clerical and as Freudian father-symbols; they have also been explained away as appealing to Bacon as a theme simply because the Pope wears such handsome colours.

Then there is the problem of his quotations from other artists. He has often paraphrased Velasquez's famous portrait of Pope Innocent X, but the quotation is not like the respectful evocation of a classical model because the artist feels he can not improve on it. On the contrary, one image begets another in Bacon's art and it is quite possible for him to continue, in the same picture, from the Pope to a reference to Eisenstein's film, *The Battleship Potemkin.* A screaming head, famous from the Odessa steps sequence in that movie, began to appear in his paintings in 1949. Thus, a famous painting is combined with a photographed image, so that the old and the new, the traditional and the modern are disconcertingly fused. Both art lovers and movie fans have been disconcerted.

Incidentally, the movie quotation, though from a *silent* film, makes Bacon a precursor of today's pop artists, with their references to images of mass communications. Bacon has persistently used original and unexpected sources for his art. Many of his figures and animals derive from such books as Eadweard Muybridge's *The Human Figure in Motion* and Marius Maxwell's *Stalking Big Game With a Camera in Equatorial Africa.* One was published in the 1890's, the other in the twenties, and undoubtedly Bacon relished the period-flavour of the photographs, as well as their status as records of fact. He shows that no visual material, no human records, exist that can not be valid, if interpreted meaningfully.

Bacon's art has a way of connecting, knowingly but obliquely, with problems which have to be faced, at one time or another, by everybody interested in art. First, what is the rôle of the masterpiece? There was a time when nobody doubted its value. It was the great work which summed up all that an artist had been trying to say and it was undoubtedly (Continued on page 182)

BACON'S "Landscape near Malabata," painted at Tangier in May this year, is one of his few landscapes. About it, Lawrence Alloway wrote: "The landscape is sucked into a kind of vortex, and surrounded by a screen, like the canvas windbreaks they put up on Côte d'Azur beaches or, perhaps, like the pens in which, three hundred years ago, royal boar hunts took place. The forms within this arena are blurred by wind or by movement, including the evocative human-looking smear in the foreground." (It is published through the kindness of Marlborough Fine Art Limited, London.)



GREEN FIRES; WHITE LIGHTS

Huge prisms of emeralds, here, and the white-hot light of diamonds—two magnificent necklaces with the *élan vital* of great jewels. Square-cut emeralds, left, framed and linked by diamonds, dangling a superb emerald medallion. Its green fire catches here on a second necklace of giant, beautifully matched cultured pearls and on a pearl-and-diamond ring. The lipstick with a gleam of its own: the translucent pink of Princess Marcella Borghese's Roma di Notte I. White river of diamonds, right, frozen in a necklace of flowery, clustered diamonds—marquise, round, and pear-shaped. Suspended from it, an enormous pear-shaped stone (about 55 carats blazing in the pear alone). All jewels are from Van Cleef & Arpels.



GENE LAURENTS

THE MINK MOOD



There's no one mink mood, but many—all enchanting. On these pages: five of the most. Two-piece coat, left—new late day, evening sensation: circular cape that dips in back; wrapped skirt. By Fredrica, in Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. Also: Harold's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Scaasi necklace. Polava gloves. Van Raalte stockings. Mr. Arnold hat. Du Barry Half Past Pink lipstick. The Norfolk coat, centre—an easy little town coat, 7/8 long, with a dropped, belted waistline like a Norfolk jacket's. In Umpa natural dark ranch mink. By J. Weinig. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Blum's, Chicago. Earrings by Schreiner. Hat by Miss Alice. Pale mink for winter, far right: suddenly, nothing looks more attractive in town—with a white hat, a whip of white leather belt. Chopped coat, in "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mink. By Da Vinci Original, Inc. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; J. W. Robinson. Belt by Colony. Earrings by Schreiner. Emme hat. Gloves, this page: Kislav.

BERT STERN



MINK

FOR TOWN
IN A
PRETTY
PALE MOOD



Just arrived for winter in town—pale minks. Against the gloomy streets, nothing could look more charming than a little chopped coat or pullover in one of the beigey minks, worn with more paleness—pale dress, leather thong, white hat. Pale mink jacket for the city, left: an easy, hip-length fall of beige fur, belted by a leather thong; sleeves rounded, cuffed. Here, over a white wool turtleneck dress. Jacket by Billie Lebow, of "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink. Also at Rosenfield's, Baton Rouge; Joseph Magnin. Schreiner earrings. White hat: Miss Alice. Pale mink pullover for town, right—here with a whitened tweed skirt, white hat, grey gloves. The skins are worked horizontally, giving a wonderfully supple, un-bulky look. Pullover, buttoned at the back, with a chopped neckline, chopped sleeves; belt, a twist of white leather thong. By Oliver Gintel, in "Morning Light," Emba natural blue-beige mink. Also at Morton's, Boston; Bullock's-Wilshire. White hat by Emme. On both pages: gloves by Kislav; belt by Colony.

BERT STERN





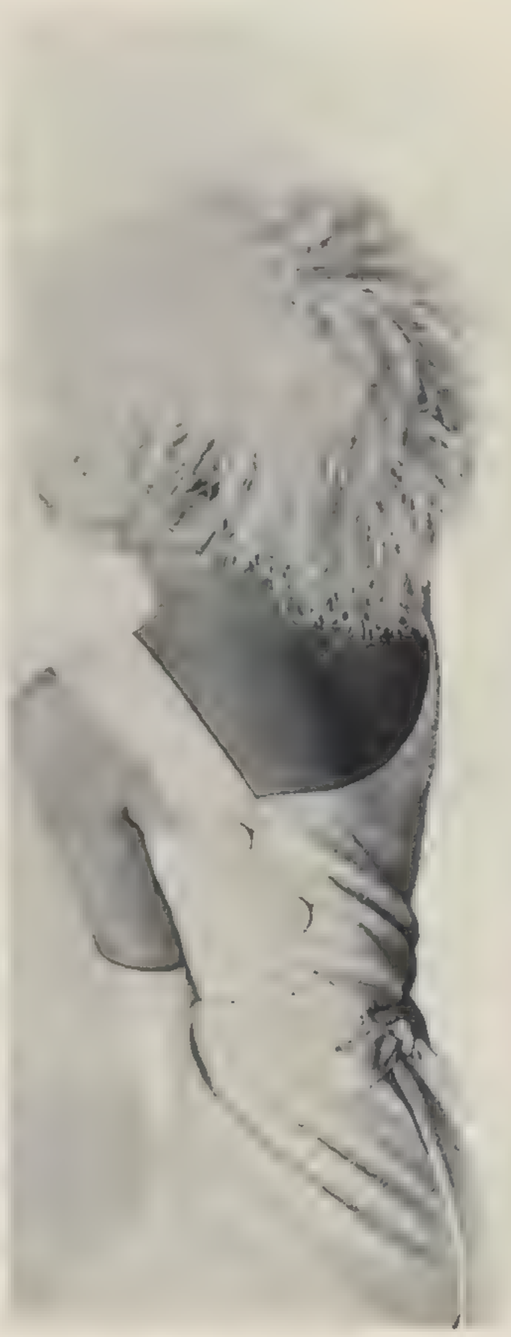
THE SIX-O'CLOCK DRESS

MARVELLOUS NEW WAYS TO LOOK FOR ALL THE SMALL IMPORTANT EVENINGS

LOUIS FAURER
VOGUE, November 1, 1963



Here comes the dazzling part of the year: lights on . . . nights out . . . engagement books crammed to the margins. We'll come to the long evening looks in November 15 Vogue. Right now: the feeling is sixish, eventful . . . the clothes, short, immensely pretty, full of divine new ideas. Beginning, here, with the dress with a beautiful back. A charming length of back, left, bared by cross-currents of beige-crêpe drapery. The view, across a table at Lutèce, say: an utterly plain bateau neck, small sleeves, an unfettering little top that rides like an overblouse on a skirt of ripples. Do wear with it an enormous wig of golden coq feathers—looks enchanting. Dress by Sarmi, of Abraham rayon crêpe. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Feather wig, by John Frederics. Brown satin pullover dress, above right, covered at the front, squared low across the back and bowed. (If you haven't considered brown before, this is the moment—it's madly becoming against bare skin.) By Andrew Arkin, of Couleur silk-faced satin. About $60 at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Mr. John's beige net cloche, deep in jet fringe. Gloves by Wear-Right, of black suède. Palest pink crêpe, centre right, wrapped to the back, where the most fascinating things happen: buttons, a bow, a bit of blousing, and a strapped decolletage angled lower on one side. The hat moves in the same fetching direction: willowed white ostrich blown back from a white satin peak. Dress by Arthur Cole in crêpe of acetate and Enka rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric); about $50. Lord & Taylor; Burdine's. Mr. John hat. The six-o'clock dress no one can have enough of, below right—a black dress, of course. And this is a terrific way to have it: very low back, a strap, a rose. We like just this much hat with it: dab of black and a bell of chicken-wire veiling. By Laurence Gross, of wool, silk, and nylon (fabric by Onondaga); about $80. At Altman's; Hutzler's. The flower pin, by Vendôme. Emme hat.







This is delicious: strict black sheaths that suddenly go whoosh—fluttering, flouncing, never still. Nothing looks prettier—leggier—on a dance floor. It sits beautifully, too, the puckered silk dress, opposite—its deep flounce puffed up like a banked black cloud, nothing but charm at the neck. Long gloves, a flick of diamond-light at the ears, hair slicked back to a chignon of glossy black coq feathers—perfect things to add. Dress by Monte-Sano & Pruzan of Abraham silk. Halston hat to order. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Coiffure: Ingrid of Michel Kazan.

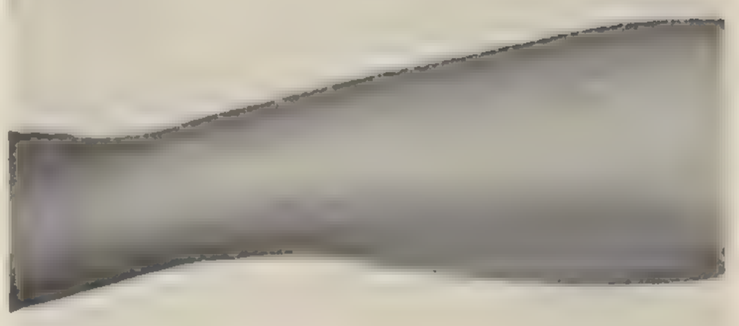
THE FLOUNCED BLACK DRESS MARVELLOUS AT SIX O'CLOCK



Flaring, swaying, sibilant—a dress of crisp black silk, left, that seems never to stop moving. We love the deep open back, the bow that covers the flounce in front like some huge rustling butterfly . . . the look of a head in a cage of netting, tied under the chin. Hannah Troy dress; about $225. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. Emme hat.



Almost the quietest dress in the room, above. A soufflé of pebbled black wool—straight-across neckline, bone-simple shape, then, just above the knees: a burst of high spirits. By Jobère; about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz. Marvella necklace, of bogus pearls. Hat by John Frederics: black net and a ruffle around the face.



A dress that enters flouncing, left—in back it hangs straight as a plumb-line. There's a touch of concave shaping through the midriff, and the fabric this happens in is heavenly—a blistered, deeply incised black brocatelle. By Tarquin, of rayon, wool, and silk fabric by Whelfab, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin. Necklace by Expansion Creations. The Bacchanalian loops of feathers: by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves both pages, by Viola Weinberger. Also at Bergdorf Goodman.

LOUIS FAURER



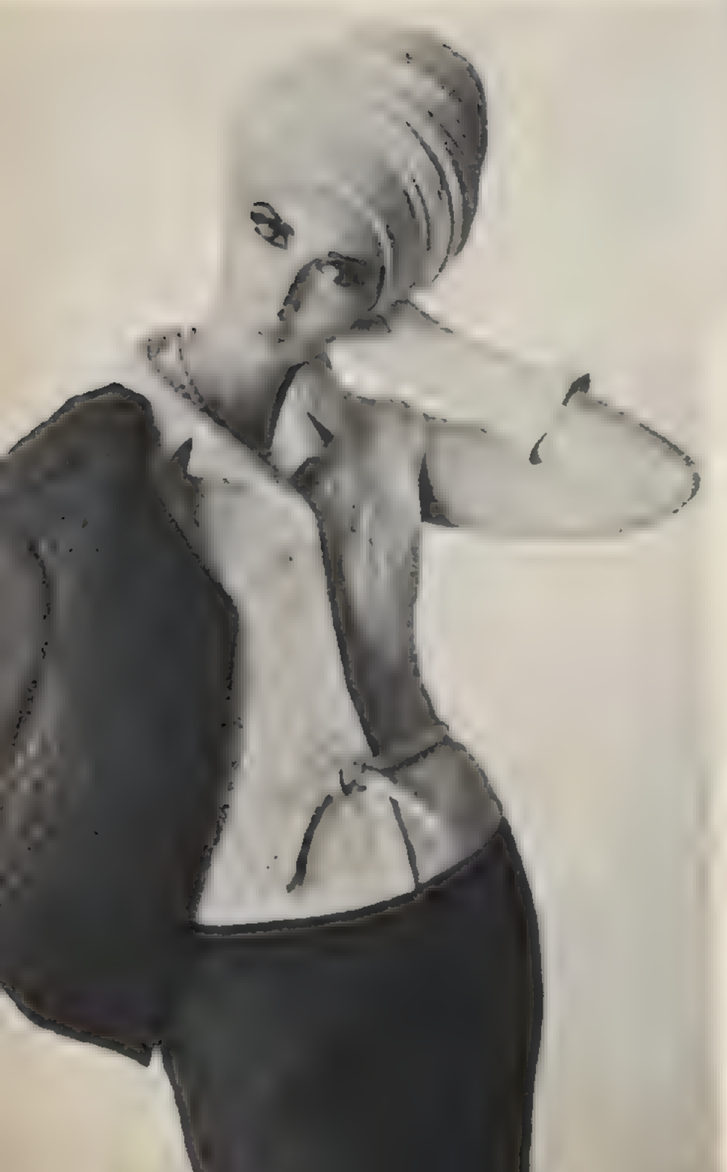
Whatever the degree—the merest flick of sleeve or no skin showing at all—few things in fashion are as discreetly, seductively pretty as a touch of cover in the evening. Nothing showing, left, but a fine dégagé shape and the glisten of black brocade. Back-buttoned top with a round collar; easy skirt—Sloat's interpretation of a Givenchy plum. Brocade of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon, by Couleur: about $100. At Altman's. Miss Dior hat. Black cloqué, right, with a dual nature: the front it presents to the world is covered to the collarbone, quite stark. In back: skin showing in a deep V, and a satin bow where it all wraps to a close. By Andrew Arkin, in cloqué of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabric); $70. Saks Fifth Avenue. Emme's tiny pâtisserie of black satin. Coiffure in a double chignon: Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Below, for the woman with pretty shoulders—and a taste for adventure: a dress on a draw-



A TOUCH OF COVER— MARVELLOUS AT SIX



A blazer, opposite, and what a wonderful way for it to look around six: double-breasted white lace, thick and frosty; almost severe in cut. It's shown with a straight, easy black velveteen skirt—and the thing to add is one of those willowed white ostrich affairs that drift so entrancingly around the face. Sportswear Couture suit; jacket about $225, skirt of rayon velveteen about $40 at Henri Bendel; L. S. Ayres. Lilly Daché hat. The gloves by Kislav. A flick of bows on the shoulder, a suggestion of Empire-shirring: that's all there is to the brown silk dress, below—a slip was never more *flou*, more sinuous to move around in. By Hannah Troy; about $160. At Bonwit Teller. Mr. John hat. The gloves, this page, by Polava.



string . . . all billowing black wool, slashed with satin panels and long, tight satin sleeves. By Burke Amey; Lesur wool. At Lord & Taylor. Pin by Expansion Creations. Jetted hat by Emme. Coiffure by Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Black theatre suit, left, with a sleeveless little rouleau-tied white under-jacket beneath the uncollared cardigan. Irene Galitzine did the original, Suzy Perette copied it—in a terrific fabric: silk cut like tile, raised and gleaming; $60. Lord & Taylor. Turban by Lilly Daché.

LOUIS FAURER







Here's our idea of heaven: getting into the Chanel spirit around six, and going on all evening in the same irresistibly gay and ravishing young mood . . . a strip of ribbon in the hair . . . something fascinating at the neck . . . a lucky Chanel number in the air around you. (5 we adore, and 22—which comes in spray form now—reminds us of small, soft white flowers: delicious.) As for the white wool tweed suits on these two pages: they're David Kidd's interpretation of the Chanel idea; he did them—magnificently—for Jablow.

Back-buttoned white tweed, suit, left, with a charming little turn of collar and the most discreet kind of glitter—dulled satin on the collar and pocket flaps, and gold braid, drawn very delicately. Of English wool tweed, with Lurex metallic thread trimming; about $225. Ready mid-November at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Harold's; Neiman-Marcus. Richelieu necklace of bogus pearls. Basic—as in basic diamonds—the three-piece white tweed suit, right; its gold-braid-bound jacket opened on the plainest little brocade overblouse. Of English wool tweed and Lurex metallic threads. About $290. Ready mid-November at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer; Halle Bros. Both coiffures are by Kenneth, and in them: a silk camellia left, a ribbon band right; by Emme. The white opera pumps: Customcraft.

WHITE TWEED AT SIX — THE CHANEL IDEA

LOUIS FAURER



BEAUTY BULLETIN

Vogue's November 1 issue of the beauty news, in which—this one time, and for reasons we find sound—men are the whole show...

THE TRUTH ABOUT MEN AND THEIR LOOKS, OR: A LOOK AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARBER TOWEL

Whenever we meet a new cologne for men (and that's every day of the week, these days), or hear of still another men's hair-styling shop opening up somewhere (again a fairly daily happening), or read the latest figures on the sudden upsurge in what's known as "men's grooming aids," we wonder how the dreamboats at right would look if they were living in the present in the U.S.A.... How well their mastery of raffish splendour would withstand the growing tide in tidying up is a question that will forever have to bug us unresolved, it seems, since this particular gathering is a museum piece. We encountered it at The Museum of Modern Art in an exhibition of the photography of Lucien Clergue—and the gentlemen featured are permanently anonymous.... Our speculation, however, is: even these boys would find it difficult to remain holdouts in the face of what's happening to men's looks now. Measured by barbershop hours, health-club memberships, and the purchase of good-smelling lotions and tonics, men are upgrading their deliciousness at a spectacular rate, and with an open, honest, and touching resolve.

Quite in the open now is the fact that there's a barbershop circle comparable to the Kenneth-Alexandre-Vidal Sassoon life we know and love, where hair is cut with real thought as to its effect upon the cuttee, and where certain minor miracles in the manufacture of handsomeness are performed. Among these are Jerry's barbershop in New York, or Paul Molé's; Sebring's in Los Angeles; in Paris, Desfossé; in London, Trumper's in Curzon Street, or G. Thomas for Etonian types, with Alan Cooke, just off Sloane Square, coming on strong.... Also in the open now is the fact that men colour their hair. Although no official market figures are available, one of the famous hair-colouring makers estimates that two to three percent of the men in rural areas in the U.S. use hair colouring, and that usage in metropolitan areas goes from three to eight percent.... Over $78,000,000 worth of hair tonics and hair dressings were bought by men last year, it's believed. And shaving is either closer or more frequent, judging by the estimate that over $175,000,000 worth of razor blades were sold to men in 1962, as against $161,000,000 worth in 1961.... Coming out into the open now is the formerly clandestine use of hair spray by men; wind and sports cars are held accountable. Men added greatly to the surging market for weight-reduction preparations and devices, and are virtually the whole market for "lip protectors."... Men got an accidental taste of the comforts offered by moisturizers when they used certain moisturizer-loaded sunburn creams for swimming and skiing. The upshot is that several cosmetics houses have opened up an untapped field by coming out with moisturizer treatment-products in packages labelled for men. This makes more than a little sense when you realize that men have nothing whatever to protect their faces, and they give their skins a trimming every time they shave. After-shave lines, both fancy and grocery, are including moisturizers in their formulae. Charles of the Ritz has done its Revenescence up for men. D'Albret's Messire has something of this sort (Continued on page 156)

"Who were they?" is the question most frequently provoked by the curious photograph at right. The surprise is, it's a fairly recent study (1955); has special stature as a document (see above); and is in this Beauty Bulletin as a wake-up shot. (Read why.)



LUCIEN CLERGUE



BEAUTY BULLETIN



It reaches us: scent from a man's handkerchief. Delicious colognes—left and right—the latter, news in a bottle-green glass flask.

(Continued from preceding page) going. Estée Lauder will be along any minute. And all along, the great Revlon laboratories have been using their unsurpassed research facilities to make men's skins more comfortable: That Man after-shave includes humectants and mild antiseptics. . . . The Arden for Men group of handsomefiers includes a face cream, a masque, and—hang on—a green talcum powder to tone down a florid face. . . . As for young men's faces: now companies such as Colgate are bringing out products for the treatment of acne and disturbed skin, and giving these products muscular names. Tackle is Colgate's. Stridex is Lehn & Fink's. Winthrop Laboratories, on the other hand, strike an intellectual note with pHisoHex. . . . The sophisticated men's grooming lineups usually have their own soaps. Dana has just added a hard-milled soap scented to match the sensationally successful cologne, Canoe. . . . Which brings us to the place where we (women, we mean) come in: as the big-time givers of scent to men. It seems that something like fifty-four percent of the colognes that change hands across counters are bought by women for men. And while it's all very nice to have control of the stock, we'd really like to see more men expressing their own tastes in scent. For instance: the spicy and lavender tones seem to have done best in sales, with tobacco, leather, citrus, bay, vétiver, and even honest-to-green grass backing up these scents. But possibly there's also an enormous feeling among men for mysterious fragrances; the suggestion's been made more than once that men may be partly responsible for the success of bath oils, that they're using their wives' bath oils for showering. They're about to get a delicious blast of their own scented shower oils, we gather, according to what several cosmetics houses are doing. . . .

We ourselves will be content when every man we know is using cologne—whether it's dashed on a handkerchief or aerosolled. When that happens, we can go back to giving ties once more for Christmas. Meanwhile we hope they know what they can expect. . . .

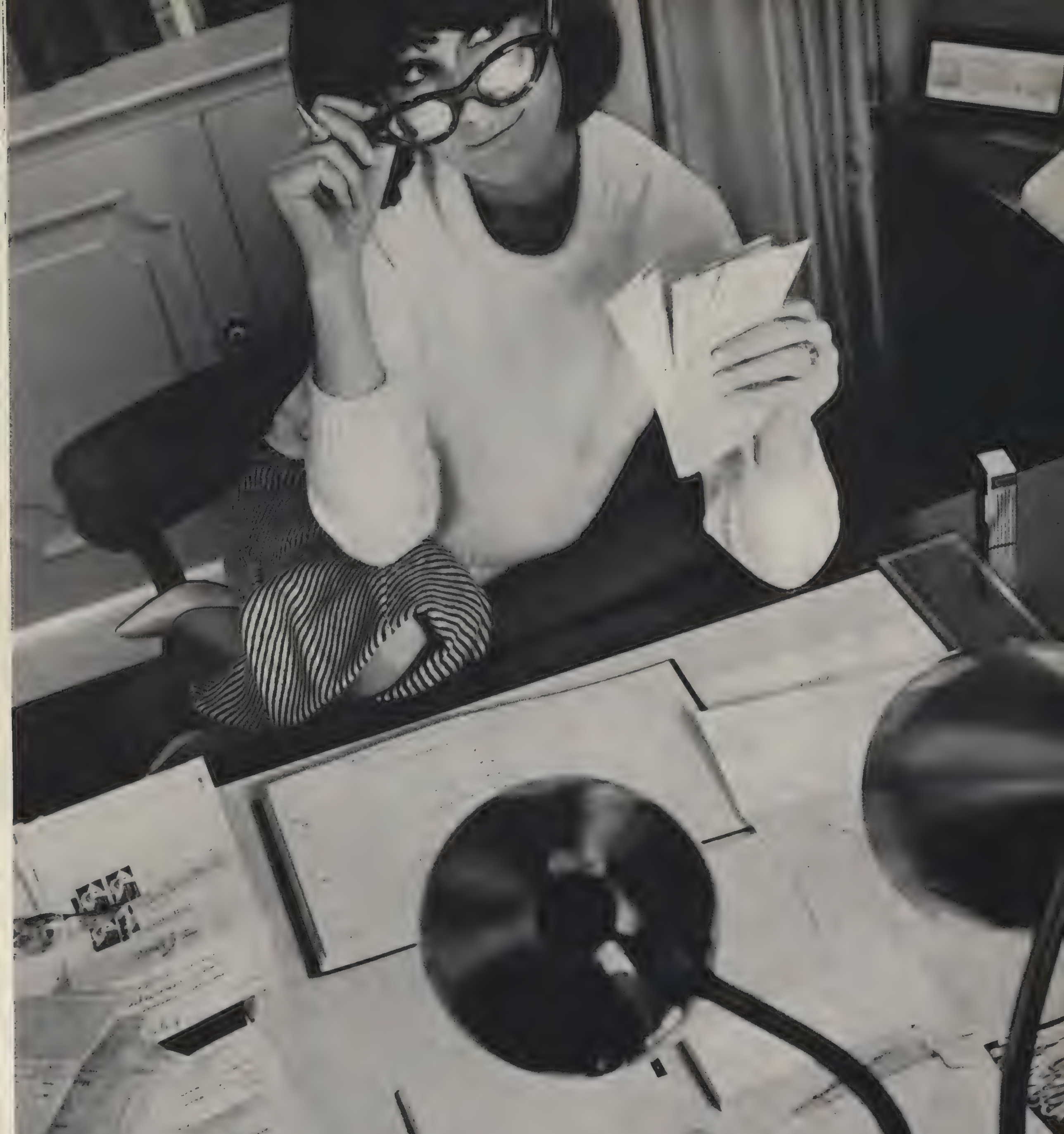


Executive suntan. A desk lamp that doubles as a sunlamp (it has its own timer to turn the sun on and off) is the irresistible draw at right. . . . Made by the Sea & Ski people, it's called the Executive Sunlamp and is being borrowed by a woman, here. On the cosmetics plane, that's a definite new switch. The sunlamp, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Cologne news in cloud formation. The news is: some colognes for men are ready for push-button action; they've been tailored to aerosol. Great way to spread the word of scent over head, shoulders, jacket. Among the colognes now activated are the following: Balmain's Monsieur. Carven's Vétiver. Corday's Jet for Jentlemen. Guerlain's Vétiver. That Man by Revlon. Moustache by Rochas. York Town cologne.

BRUCE DAVIDSON







HOLIDAY CLOTHES FOR SMALL SMART SPENDERS



Facing page: Far left, outfit by Merry Mites, sizes 2-4, shorts about $6, shirt, Springmaid cotton, about $4. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Second from left, dress by Sunny Lee, sizes 3-6x, about $9. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Joseph Horne. Third, cotton dress by Helen Lee, sizes 7-14, about $15. Available end of November at Saks Fifth Avenue; Joseph Horne. Fourth, outfit by Imp Originals, sizes 2-4, the shorts of Crompton velveteen, about $6, the shirt of Stevens cotton, about $3. At Best & Co.; Joseph Horne. White socks by Bonnie Doon. At Best & Co. This page: Far left, outfit by Florence Eiseman, sizes 2-4, shorts of cotton velveteen, $30. At Boys & Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman. Second from left, cotton-lined dress by Youngland, sizes 3-6x, $11. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Third, Cinderella dress of rayon, sizes 7-12, $9. Bonwit Teller. Fourth, dress by Helen Lee of Saks Fifth Avenue, skirt of rayon, blouse of rayon and Irish linen (Amity fabric), sizes 3-6x, $13.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

What all children love about Christmas: presents, party clothes, special occasions. On these four pages, twelve enchanting looks for this season, and a ready-made special occasion: two kilted members of The Black Watch Royal Highland Regiment, Pipe Major James Anderson and Drum Major Roy Dear. Their rousing, pipe-skirling display, now touring Canada and the U.S., will have a one-day-fling in Madison Square Garden on December 1. Facing page, listening—with mixed reactions—to the piercing "highland war pipe"—a small audience of four. Left to right: The wary small boy, Arthur Walker Bingham, IV, wears bird's-eye piqué bibbed short pants, as white and starchy as Scotch cambric, and a navy-blue broadcloth shirt. The fledgling critic whose hands, bordered by ruffles of Cluny lace, bar the sound of Pipe Major Anderson's reeds, is Alexandra Auchincloss in knitted white cotton, herringbone-patterned, very high-yoked. Liza Lloyd, the *marraine* of the group, wears a skimmy dress of pebbly white piqué. Looking up to 7'5" of feather-bonneted piper: Thaddeus Gray in black velveteen short pants, short-sleeved white cotton shirt. This page, hand-in-hand: Thaddeus, left, in black velveteen short pants buttoned on a front-pleated white silk shirt, and Caroline Rudd in an A-shaped, off-white linen dress with cluster-tucking, lacy border. Between the pipes and the brass-crowned staff (once a fierce, crowd-scattering big stick): plucky Liza in a white dress, crisp as straw, centre-pleated from a V-yoke. Alexandra, half-cloaked in Drum Major Dear's Black Watch plaid, wears the delicious pink-and-white of small girls—a white eyelet bodice trimmed with lace; pink skirt.



HOLIDAY CLOTHES Backed up by two stalwart Black Watch Highlanders —two little girls looking very Flora Macdonald-ish in long, high-waisted dresses: these, new and charming for family parties, holiday evenings at home. White-on-white Swiss embroidered bastiste, *above left*, pale-blue velveteen sash; worn by Alexandra Auchincloss. Caroline Rudd, *above right*, wears a long-sleeved, ruffled dress of white cotton piqué, sashed in moss-green velvet, pink satin. Facing page: Wearing, with delight, Pipe Major James Anderson's black ostrich-feather bonnet, is Alexandra, *near right*. Her dress: white, with long sleeves, box pleats, a red bias sash. Under Drum Major Roy Dear's bonnet, *far right*, is Caroline in a purple cotton velveteen dress with long sleeves, ruffled hem; lilac satin sash and piping.

This page, left: Dress by Florence Eiseman in Swiss cotton. Velveteen hooded cape (not shown) to match sash. About $70 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. This page, right: Dress by Sunny Lee, in Fuller fabric. About $11 at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Ballet slippers by Capezio. Facing page, near right: Dress by Robert Love for Joseph Love, of Orlon and rayon; about $13. Ready in December at Henri Bendel; Hudson's. Far right: Sunny Lee dress; Cromptonvelveteen; about $17. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop. All in sizes 3-6X.

BRUCE DAVIDSON





What's coming—and in time for Christmas, please note—is: an avalanche of prettiness—in dressing gowns and tea coats, in palazzo pyjamas and the floatiest nightdresses, in the most seductive peignoirs in years. Lace cascading in ruffles, lace crisp and starchy . . . marabou and ostrich—skirling and flying . . . batiste as gauzily fresh as a small girl's camisole . . . pristine broderie anglaise . . . brilliant splashes of Caribbean colours . . . jewelled and beaded embroidery. (Aside to the woman with a travel plan in her life: everything here and on the following six pages goes—deliciously.) Lace darting out under a fluff of marabou, above, on all the borders of a long white dressing gown, deeply quilted. By Christian Dior, of Du Pont nylon, Dacron-filled; about $195. Altman's; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin. Pepper-yellow-and-white nightdress, right, with velvet straps and bergère bows, colour as intense as southern sun—and wanted now for just that climate. By Iris, in tricot of Du Pont nylon (Stevens fabric), about $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Lipstick like the huge burst of paper flower here: Stormy Pink by Revlon. HORST

Overnight dressing—what could be prettier



Feuille-de-vigne green and mauve splashed on a rippling, Empire-waisted nightdress, left—delicious as the terrace-climbing bougainvillaea of the West Indies (and heavenly to have there right now). By Eve Stillman, of silk-and-rayon chiffon (Maxwell fabric), about $25. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. The pale lipstick here for mauve: Iced Cointreau by Michel. Ruffles and ruffles of lace, below, bordering a pale-pink peignoir and nightdress of diaphanous nylon tricot; vertical décolletage; ribboned cuffs. (If you're flying far south, take these with you for the prettiest breakfasts on sun-warmed balconies.) By Christian Dior; peignoir about $65; nightdress about $60; both of Du Pont nylon. At Altman's; L. S. Ayres. In the background: flowered fabric by Brunschwig & Fils. Rug by Georges Kaplan.



HORST



White broderie anglaise on batiste, above, appliquéd with lace, and blooming with small pale flowers—as pristine and appealing as a child's petticoat. More nylon lace on the shirred waist, at the hem. Nylon batiste bodice; skirt in tricot of Du Pont nylon. By Hollywood Vassarette, about $30. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. Tea coat à la chinoise, right, edged in sequins, brilliants, beads—shining with Mandarin richesse on pink, silk-faced satin. Wear it, to parry draughts, with a white-mink boa—a marvellous look for open fireplaces anywhere in the world. By Perfect, of Couleur fabric. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Mink boa: Ritter Bros. Lipstick: L'Oréal's Twilight Pink. Spanish rug by Clavos.

Ruffles, embroidery — what could be prettier







High-spirited palazzo pyjamas, black and China pink, left, with brilliants for buttons, funnel collar. A shirred tricot coat, shaped like a redingote with buttons working to the pink-bowed waist; tapered pants—perfect for a blizzard-bound Colorado ski chalet or more temperate evenings at home. A David Kidd design, by Dorian Macksoud; coat in tricot of Allied Chemical's new Caprolan nylon (more about this fabric, November 15), pyjama of satin; about $195. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Necklace of rhinestones and pearl beads by Apex Art. What interests us about the lipstick worn here: it comes closer to giving the effect of a lip gloss than of a lipstick—although it comes in stick form. The idea is a new one: to dress the mouth lightly, sheerly, in a transparent blush with glossiness. It's one of Fabergé's three new nude lipsticks: Nude Pink. (There are nail glacés to match.) Coiffure is by Ernst of Elizabeth Arden. Rediscovered—flying black ostrich, above, on the cuffs and hem of a body-cleaving, black crêpe peignoir—nth power unfurled sultriness, verved here by lacy white tights and serpentine hairpins. By Robert Rosenfeld, of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon, fabric by Onondaga; about $150. At Henri Bendel; Blum's, Chicago; Bullock's-Wilshire. Lacy tights of white nylon, by Beautiful Bryans. The shaggy white Mongolian lamb rugs on both these pages are by Georges Kaplan.

HORST

Palazzo pyjamas, flying black ostrich—what could be prettier

In the night air here: the confection of a jewel-like dressing gown—quilted, embroidered, gleaming. . . . A long flowing peignoir to drift in. . . . The charm of crisp white eyelet to open to the floor, ribboned and ruffled with allure. Smoke-grey flowers, above, and a single soft rose on a long, flaring nightdress and a drifting cape-sleeved peignoir tied at the neck. Both by Vanity Fair in tricot of Du Pont nylon. About $50. At Best & Co.; Hutzler's; Burdine's. Ribbon-threaded white eyelet peignoir, below. Crisp-ruffled sleeves; blue ribbon at the neck, down the front. By Rogers, of cotton eyelet. About $30. Nightdress (not shown here) about $15. Altman's; Gidding-Jenny. Georges Kaplan rug. Gleaming pink satin dressing gown, opposite, quilted, embroidered, seamed lightly to the body in front. Dropped shoulders; belled sleeves, not-quite-wrist-length. Dressing gown by Van Raalte, of nylon satin. About $60 at Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Hudson's. The coiffures on both pages: Marc Sinclair of Lilly Daché. In the background: Clavos Spanish rug.

Flowers, eyelet, quilting—what could be prettier

HORST





VOGUE
PATTERNS



From Rome—where the whole delicious idea started—two couturier-plans, left and right, for the pyjamas known as palazzo. The slim shape of a long dress, this page, by Federico Forquet, slit high to show narrow pants. Soft drapery begins with a vertical bow. These palazzo pyjamas, of apricot silk crêpe. Vogue Pattern 1260. Jewellery by Schreiner. At Bonwit Teller. Three-part palazzo pyjamas, at right, by Irene Galitzine, shimmeringly black and white. Black velvet, cut with shiny scrolls, for the scoop-necked overtop and fullish, front-opening skirt; tapered pants, skirt-backing of bright white crêpe. Vogue Pattern 1220. Blouse and skirt of rayon velvet with Lurex threads by G. Hirsch. Lining and pants of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon by Onondaga. Rope necklace by Brania. At Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures by Victor Friedman of the Kenneth Salon. Shoes on both pages by Andrew Geller. For other views, sizes, yardages, see page 182.

Pyjama game—the palazzo persuasion

FORQUET—VOGUE PATTERN 1260







MIDNIGHT PORTRAIT OF SILVER

PAINTED BY WALTER MURCH

Working at night by the light of two spotlights, Walter Murch, a notable American artist, painted this luminous portrait of silver for Vogue, *left.* "I had to destroy in my eye the silver objects or they would have dominated," said Walter Murch, a big man with spectacles, a quick smile, and a warm, hesitant voice. He responds to metal, to silver, to rock, to architectural fragments, to familiar objects. In this painting he used a chipped block of cement, stones, and bricks on which to pyramid the silver, put an orange and a jagged eggshell in the silver sugar bowl, added a swag of ivory damask.

Note: New York's Whitney Museum has chosen this painting for its "Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting," starting December 11.

After fixing on his composition, Murch then does a chalk-and-pencil study. Sitting in a low maple rocking chair before his easel, he waits in front of the objects he is painting until he has lost his objectivity and they become "paintable." His brushes and turpentine in frozen orange-juice tins, his squeezed oil paints are at hand. When in the stream of work, he may paint for a week of nights. "When daylight starts to break," he said, "I feel it's no longer my time, I've got to stop painting." In a rangy Riverside Drive apartment in New York, Murch's studio is a tight curious laboratory room with dun-coloured walls, green shades drawn against the sun, a mess of improbable things, including an atrophied seven-year-old loaf of white bread—but to Murch, all paintable things.

Of Murch, Cleve Gray, an American abstract painter and art critic, wrote: "Murch's realism is, paradoxically, highly abstract. The subject for Murch is only a vehicle, its meaning is evocative, its presence allusive not specific. . . . The objects are bathed in a light that seeps into every crevasse and sets the picture aglow."

Nebulous but fixed, the objects in the fixed light of this Murch painting are all of sterling silver. The ball-and-clawfoot candlestick, far left, *is one of a pair; for both, $50 at Tiffany. Slant-topped, the stampbank,* lower left, *unrolls a hundred stamps; $11.50; above it, for $55, a covered sugar bowl (here uncovered) is part of a George II tea service: both by Gorham. Macy's; Shreve's, Boston. Near it, a child's cup from an eighteenth-century design of Peter Van Dyck by Lunt, $28.75. Macy's; J. E. Caldwell. A fluted cigarette cup,* lower right, *tulip-shaped; $65. Georg Jensen.*

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX



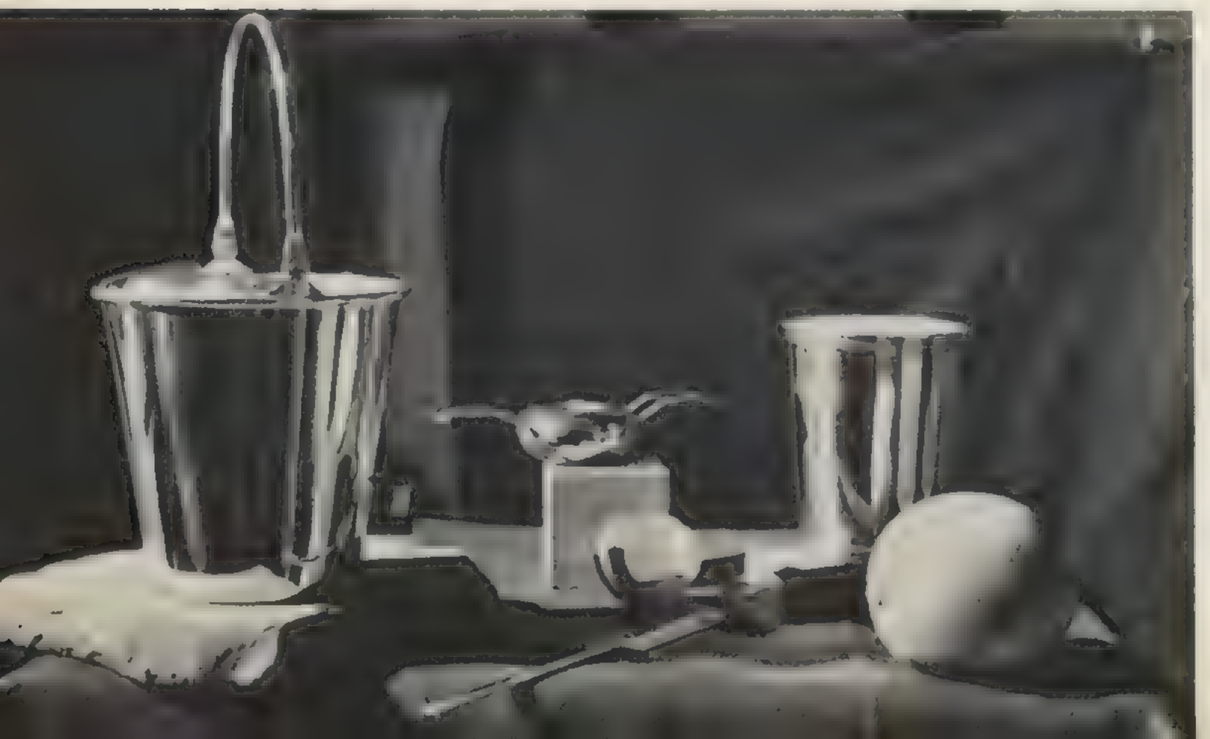
Walter Murch painting the painting on the preceding pages

TWO UNPAINTED SILVER STILL LIFES BY WALTER MURCH

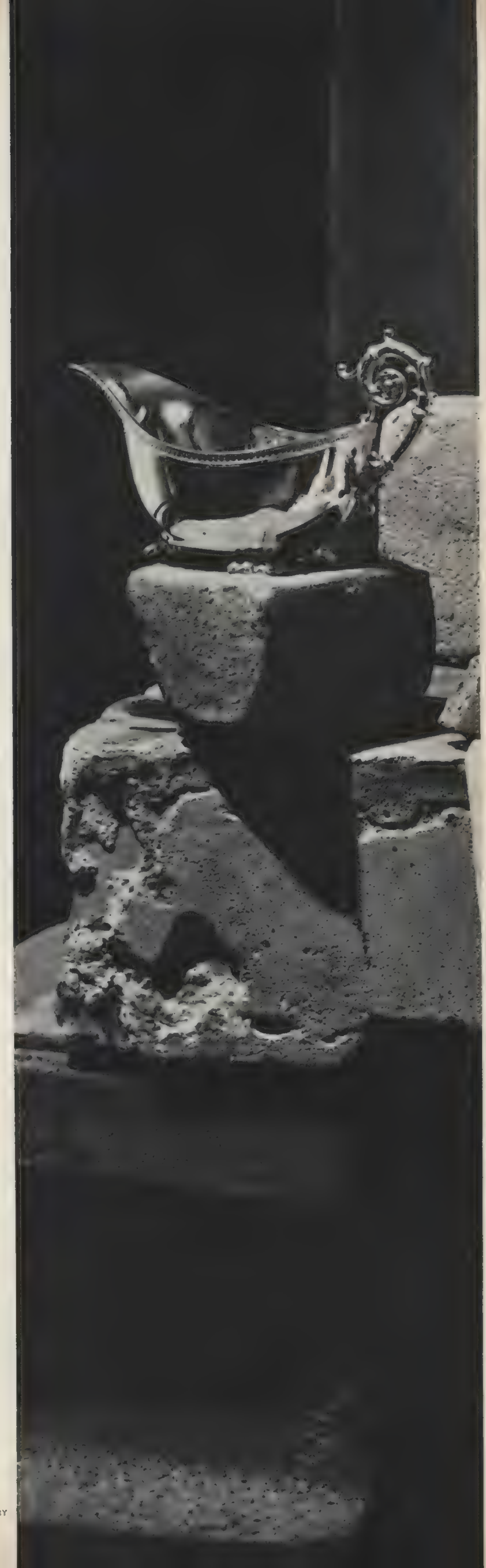
Walter Murch who arranged these pieces for the photographs has a great feeling for textures, for shapes, for balance. At the right, he composed the photograph to show off at its most beautiful the lustre of the sterling silver pieces, partly by making the eye contrast the roughness of the bricks with the smoothness of the silver, by using a tablecloth that might well be one from a Cézanne still life. From left to right, *a French vermeil sauceboat that could double to hold almonds, $32 at Christofle. On the rectangular brick, a child's bowl, perhaps for hot hors d'oeuvres (it comes with a plate), by Kirk, $27.50 each at Altman's; Frederick & Nelson. Below it, a cordial goblet, one of a set of four by Towle, $34.50 for the four at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel.* Far right, *a Paul Revere pitcher for water, fruit juice, even flowers, by Oneida of heavy silver plate, $8.80 at Macy's; Famous-Barr; and finally, a black-glass-lined holder for cigarettes (with two unshown ashtrays), by Reed & Barton, $18 for the set at Altman's; Neiman-Marcus.*

In the arrangement, below, *Walter Murch took four pieces of sterling silver, an orange and a broken eggshell to make a satisfying composition.* From left to right: *a silver bucket (it comes with a strainer and muddler) by Webster, $57.50 at Plummer McCutcheon; Shreve, Crump, & Low. On the cube, an alcohol lamp; part of a warmer set at Georg Jensen. Reflecting the orange, the julep cup might hold small bouquets, by International, $18.50 at Macy's; Rich's. Near the eggshell, a newly-shaped serving knife for fish, made in Mexico by Celsa, $8 at Plummer McCutcheon.*

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX



GRIGSBY







DINNER FOR FOUR

CLAM SOUFFLÉ*

CHICKEN BREASTS IN CHAMPAGNE SAUCE

Hot rolls

PURÉE OF PEAS

GREEN SALAD

CHRISTMAS CRÊPES*

WINE: MONTRACHET

a white Burgundy

Here is an autumn dinner that faces two ways: back to the summer and forward to the holidays.

You should share it with good friends—friends with whom you sat on a beach last August and stuffed yourself with too many instantly fresh clams, friends with whom you are going to share the exhausting gaieties of Christmas.

Of course good friends fall into two categories: good friends you know and good friends you like.

This dinner is for the latter, because somebody—and it could well be you—is going to have to spend a great many hours in the kitchen putting this simple little meal together.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

CLAM SOUFFLÉ

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

2 cans minced clams
4 egg yolks
5 egg whites
Tabasco

Drain 2 cans of minced clams. Do what you like with the juice. Put the clams in a bowl, add the 4 egg yolks and a shot of Tabasco. Mix this up well with a spoon.

Beat the 5 egg whites until they are good and stiff. Spoon a quarter of the whites into the clam mixture and beat vigorously until it is incorporated. Now slowly dribble this clam mixture over the remaining egg whites, lifting and folding carefully.

Now slide all this into a buttered 2-quart soufflé dish, and place it in a pre-heated 350° oven.

Cook 20 to 22 minutes, until well puffed and browned on top. Serve instantly.

THE SNAPPER: Clams in an unusual alliance.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

CHRISTMAS CRÊPES

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

1 scant cup flour
1 tablespoon sugar
7 teaspoons melted butter
1 tablespoon brandy
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1½ cups milk
1 jar mincemeat

Put everything except the mincemeat into a blender and let go for almost a minute. The resultant mixture should be like heavy cream. Now let this rest for at least 2 hours. Then make the crêpes one by one—3 tablespoons of batter to a crêpe, browned on each side—in a buttered 6-inch iron skillet. . . . While you warm your stack of crêpes in the oven, heat the mincemeat in a double boiler. Now take a crêpe and along its diameter lay a spoonful of mincemeat, then roll it up. Make as many of these crêpes as you think you will want, nestle them side by side in an ovenproof dish, and run them in the oven again to re-warm them. When you bring the dish to the table, pour a little warm rum or brandy over them and light.

THE SNAPPER: The mincemeat.

(Continued from page 118)

the problems involved in putting them on heavy cars many. Discs become important when repeated, hard applications of the brakes are necessary—they're wonderful for a twenty-four-hour race but hardly necessary for shopping trips. American car brakes have been a weak spot in the past; they're getting better rapidly.

VOGUE: Won't all the automobile builders have to adopt disc brakes to attract buyers?

GENDEBIEN: Not necessarily. Disc brakes are important on heavy cars which travel fast. They are less essential on light cars even if they're fast.

JEROME: I think their effect is going to be more toward forcing development of better conventional drum brakes, for ordinary passenger use. There's nothing wrong with *that.*

VOGUE: What is a sports car?

GENDEBIEN: I'm not too fond of that term. First of all, what is the *sport* of driving? There is no true automobile sport in 1963 except on closed racing circuits or guarded roads. Moreover, cars that are called sports cars are often incapable of any real sporting performance. The term is used to indicate cars with their tops down, that make a little noise, and let people amuse themselves while looking "sporty."

JEROME: To me, a "sports" car is simply one that is fun to drive.

VOGUE: Where does their popularity come from?

JEROME: It's like horses. Horses are no longer *practical* creatures. And yet the breeding and keeping of them is always advancing. Horses are fun. Automobiles have reached a level of practicality that is unbelievable—in America at least. At the same time, like thoroughbred horses, certain of the better cars are being "bred"—in the sense of development—far beyond their practical uses. The appeal is very similar.

GENDEBIEN: The passion for sports cars began with the British, more exactly with the young British, who for at least twenty years now have been driving the MG.

VOGUE: Why did the British like them?

GENDEBIEN: Because they were uncomfortable. They were noisy enough to be noticed. The rain came inside. Finally, if their drivers wanted to arrive anywhere, they had to know a little about mechanics.

VOGUE: You begin with the psychology of the driver: if one is adventurous, a tinkerer, young, insensible to weather, able to travel without luggage, and undaunted by breakdown, then one is—or was—a sports car owner?

JEROME: Yes. Ken Purdy, that expert on automobiles, said of a sports car, "It'll only carry two people, but it carries them in utter glory." Once the romance fades, even the most modern sports cars can be utter pain to their owners.

VOGUE: Your definition then is totally independent of how these lightweight cars perform?

GENDEBIEN: For travel on the open road, yes.

VOGUE: Are lightweight cars more dangerous than heavy ones.

GENDEBIEN: I rise against this cliché. A lightweight car stops quickly. It holds the road better than a heavy car, because its force of inertia is less, because the centrifugal force which could make it skid is less powerful. That's the truth of it.

JEROME: Bravo! Imagine yourself approaching a curve in a car, and just think that to go around the curve you will have to turn the weight of the car. Imagine, too, how much more a heavy car will resist turning. I think this nonsense about lightweight cars being dangerous got started because often a heavy car can be made to *ride* better than a lightweight car. It's a more stable package.

VOGUE: Isn't it the fact that a lighter car lacks rigidity which makes us think it more dangerous—the feeling that the light car might twist or crumple?

GENDEBIEN: These are the arguments of the salesman. Do you buy a car in order to run into trees? That's rather specious sales talk. To sell a car you should boast of its grip on the road, its brakes, the visibility, the acceleration. *These* are the safety factors.

VOGUE: On a wet road, is it safer to be in a heavy car or in a light car?

GENDEBIEN: The advantage of a heavy car on a wet road appears *after* you crash into the trees. Damp slippery ground accentuates the hazards of centrifugal force. So, the heavier the car is on top, the less stable it is, particularly on a wet road.

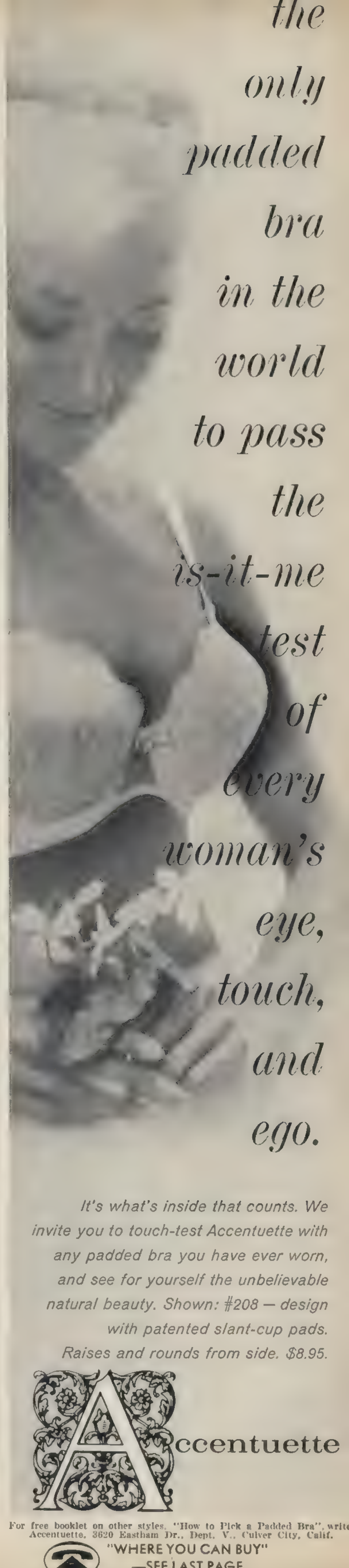
VOGUE: Are convertibles more dangerous than coupés?

GENDEBIEN: If a convertible turns over, what happens? If the car has a low profile, the passengers risk being beheaded. American racing cars have a thing called a "roll-bar," a sort of hoop that keeps the car from decapitating its occupant if it turns over. With a roll-bar, seat belts are an advantage. Staying put is less dangerous than being ejected.

VOGUE: Are seat belts important?

GENDEBIEN: In a closed car with a solid top structure it is of course better to have seat belts. You are in a kind of cage, and as the bodywork is usually very

(Continued on page 179)



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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"
—SEE LAST PAGE

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THE CAR AS HERO

(Continued from page 126)

JACK KEROUAC'S HERO:
A CADILLAC

It was a beautiful big car, the last of the old-style limousines, black, with a big elongated body and whitewall tires and probably bulletproof windows. . . . It was a magnificent car; it could hold the road like a boat holds on water. Gradual curves were its singing ease. "Ah, man, what a dreamboat," sighed Dean. "Think if you and I had a car like this what we could do. Do you know there's a road that goes down Mexico and all the way to Panama?—and maybe all the way to the bottom of South America where the Indians are seven feet tall and eat cocaine on the mountainside? Yes! You and I, Sal, we'd dig the whole world with a car like this because, man, the road must eventually lead to the whole world. Ain't nowhere else it can go—right? Oh, and are we going to cut around old Chi with this thing! Think of it, Sal, I've never been to Chicago in all my life, never stopped."

"We'll come in there like gangsters in this Cadillac!"

FROM "ON THE ROAD," VIKING, 1959.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S HERO:
SPECIAL ORDER

The party that night moved with the speed of a slapstick comedy. . . . Rosemary appreciated how different it was from any party in Hollywood, no matter how splendid in scale. There was, among many diversions, the car of the Shah of Persia. Where Dick had commandeered this vehicle, what bribery was employed, these were facts of irrelevance. Rosemary accepted it as merely a new facet of the fabulous, which for two years had filled her life. The car had been built on a special chassis in America. Its wheels were of silver, so was the radiator. The inside of the body was inlaid with innumerable brilliants which would be replaced with true gems by the court jeweller when the car arrived in Teheran the following week. There was only one real seat in back, because the Shah must ride alone, so they took turns riding in it and sitting on the marten fur that covered the floor.

FROM "TENDER IS THE NIGHT," SCRIBNER'S, 1933.

EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD'S HERO:
A RED DREAM CAR

At the garage I found Jerry Spinner giving an extra rub to my gas lamps. I'm sure it was affection that prompted him to do it, for no car ever shone more resplendently; the brass work would have done credit to a man-of-war, while the beautiful red body was like satin—faultless, shimmering satin.

I tell you, it makes a fellow's blood tingle to look at a car like mine, and feel that it belongs to him; a car that will start on the direct drive, a car that will race a railroad train or jog contentedly behind a milk cart, a car that can make a steep hill ashamed of itself; a wild, dashing car that eats up the miles; a faithful, sweet-running car that purrs like a pussycat! To own such a car is to own a kingdom; the driver's seat is a throne, the steering wheel a sceptre, miles are your minions and distance your slave.

FROM "A SIX-CYLINDER COURTSHIP," GROSSET & DUNLAP, 1907.

JOHN O'HARA'S HERO:
A MARMON

He went to the stable-yard and it was there: a battleship grey Marmon. It had a cloverleaf body—the front seats divided and room for two in the rear—and wire wheels, and on both doors the letters A. E., inch-high in black with a narrow orange border. The leather upholstery was covered with tan canvas, removable, and on the left-side running board there was a large drum-shaped searchlight.

"Good afternoon. Mr. Eaton," said the man. "My name is Sinzer. How do you like your new car?"

"Are you sure it's mine?"

"Got your initials on it. Yes sir, it's all yours, and your father made sure you got a good one. We don't make anything *but* good cars, but I drove this one from the factory myself. I'm a factory man."

"Where is the factory?"

"Indianapolis, Indiana. But don't ask me how long it took. I didn't try to break any records. I broke it in the way you should break in a fine car, and I spent all day yesterday with her, and now she's all ready to drive."

"I can drive it any speed I want to?"

"Well, I don't recommend that till you get another thousand miles on your spiddometer. If you wanted to, if you had a good stretch of road, you could get her up to eighty-five, ninety miles an hour. But you wouldn't have as good a car five years from now as if you kept her under forty for another thousand miles. Are you experienced around cars, Mr. Eaton?"

"Not very."

"Well, here's a manual that you ought to keep with you in the pocket, and I wouldn't let any but Marmon dealers work on the motor. Shall we go for a spin?"

The purity of the body lines and the seeming fragility of the wire wheels had him unprepared for the immediate feel of tremendous power and heaviness of handling. . . .

They drove for half an hour, stopping and starting, and on the better roads taking the car up to forty m.p.h. And then surdenly the car was his, and he found that he loved it as he had never loved any other thing. It was his, but equally he was *its*. It would be a long time before he could ever go away from it without taking one look back at it.

FROM "FROM THE TERRACE," RANDOM HOUSE, 1958.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV'S HERO:
EVERYCAR

In a street of Wace, on its outskirts . . . Oh, I am quite sure it was not a delusion. In a street of Wace, I had glimpsed the Aztec Red Convertible, or its identical twin. Instead of Trapp, it contained four or five loud young people of several sexes—but I said nothing. After Wace a totally new situation arose. For a day or two, I enjoyed the mental emphasis with which I told myself that we were not, and never had been followed; and then I became sickeningly conscious that Trapp had changed his tactics and was still with us,

(Continued on page 180)

WHIZZ-QUIZ ON CARS

(Continued from page 177)

solid, you run a minimum risk of injury because you aren't loose in space.

JEROME: Mr. Gendebien, your life was undoubtedly saved because you were thrown from your racing car as it overturned at the Grand Prix of the United States in 1961—this was a rare instance when *not* having a seat belt helped.

But the massive statistics that have been collected in this country (for non-racing cars, of course) show that chances are eight times better in an accident if you stay with the car. The statistics could be skewed by the comparative scarcity of convertibles in this country, but *certainly seat belts almost invariably help.*

VOGUE: If you were getting your son his first car, would you buy him a coupé or a convertible?

JEROME: A coupé, and probably a very slow one.

GENDEBIEN: I think I would buy him a convertible and put a roll-bar and a seat belt in it. Having said that, I must admit that the European builders have not yet adopted the American formula for automatic tops, worked by electricity.

VOGUE: What kind of car would you choose for a woman?

GENDEBIEN: The question should not be posed in exactly that form. In 1963, all cars should be easily driven by women. If the car *isn't* easy enough for a woman to drive, it is a primitive or experimental model.

VOGUE: Isn't there any one car more feminine in style than the others?

JEROME: I don't think that any particular car is markedly more feminine than the rest—I think that an American woman chooses to say something about herself when she picks a car, just as men do. The only way to buy any car is to spend enough time with it to be sure it suits you in every way. Choosing a car should be like any other kind of choice—there should be a period of courtship.

"I ADORE CARS"

(Continued from page 122)

you don't know!" And there are the wits: "Want a chauffeur? How about a little ride?" To this last proposition, since I do not mean to be a ninny, I say casually, "Why, of course." Which is why, one fine morning on the Rue Royale, a Les Halles giant leaped from the cab of his truck into the seat beside me, and why I drove the whole length of Saint-Germain tailed by his buddy in their truck, and why I ended up in a bistro facing three *vins blancs*. A car is—in the good sense of the phrase—a superb device for running into your fellow man. Too many people forget this while they shout or bawl at each other from behind closed car windows making a drama over a wrong selection of direction lights.

Lastly—and this is not the place to forget it—the car is an element of elegance. If, for example, the little St. Laurent tailleur you buy is olive green and your car is grey green, what is simpler than to hand the car over to your body-repairman who, three weeks later and for a consideration of eight hundred or so dollars, will restore it to you in a tone that exactly matches your new suit? What can friends do but rave?

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE



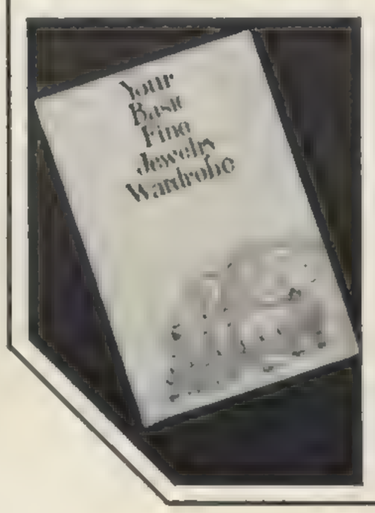
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THE CAR AS HERO

(Continued from page 178)

in this or that rented car.

A veritable Proteus of the highway, with bewildering ease he switched from one vehicle to another. This technique implied the existence of garages specializing in "stage-automobile" operations, but I never could discover the remises he used. He seemed to patronize at first the Chevrolet genus, beginning with a Campus Cream convertible, then going on to a small Horizon Blue sedan, and thenceforth fading into Surf Gray and Driftwood Gray. Then he turned to other makes and passed through a pale dull rainbow of paint shades, and one day I found myself attempting to cope with the subtle distinction between our own Dream Blue Melmoth and the Crest Blue Oldsmobile he had rented; grays, however, remained his favourite cryptochromism, and, in agonizing nightmares, I tried in vain to sort out properly such ghosts as Chrysler's Shell Gray, Chevrolet's Thistle Gray, Dodge's French Gray. . .

FROM "LOLITA," PUTNAM, 1958.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S HERO:
A BUICK

He stepped out of the car and walked across the wide, hard-surfaced road and looked at the narrow dirt road, with the swift flowing canal beside it, and the thick hedge beyond. Beyond the hedge, he saw a low red farmhouse with a big barn. The road was dry. There were not even cart ruts sunk in it. He got back into the car.

"It's a boulevard," he said. "Quit worrying."

"Yes, sir. It's your car, sir."

"I know," the Colonel said. "I'm still paying for it. Say, Jackson, do you always suffer so much any time you go off a highway onto a secondary road?"

"No, sir. But there's a lot of difference between a Jeep, and a car as low hung as this. Do you know the clearance you have on your differential and your body frame on this?"

"I've got a shovel in the trunk and we've got chains. Wait till you see where we're going after we leave Venice."

"Do we go all the way in this car?"

"I don't know. I'll see."

"Think about your fenders, sir."

"We'll cut the fenders off like the Indians do in Oklahoma. She's over-fendered right now. She's got too much of everything except engine. Jackson, that's a real engine she's got. One hundred and fifty ponies."

"It certainly is, sir. It's a great pleasure to drive that big engine on the good roads. That's why I don't want anything to happen to her."

"That's very good of you, Jackson. Now just quit suffering."

"I'm not suffering, sir."

"Good." said the Colonel.

FROM "ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES," SCRIBNER'S, 1950.

JOHN STEINBECK'S HERO:
A CUSTOM-BUILT TRUCK

I have spoken with approval, even affection, of Rocinante but not of the pick-up truck on which the camper top rode. It was a new model, with a powerful V-6 engine. It had automatic transmission and an oversized generator to give me lights inside the cabin if I should need them. The cooling system was so loaded with antifreeze that it could have withstood polar weather. . . . Everything about my truck was made to last. Its frame was heavy, the metal rigid, the engine big and sturdy. Of course I treated it well in matters of oil changes and greasing, and I did not drive it to its limit or force it to do acrobatics required of sports cars. The cab was double-walled, and a good heater had been installed. When I returned after more than ten thousand miles the engine was only well broken in. And it never failed or stuttered even once during the journey.

FROM "TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY," VIKING, 1962.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The Nonesuch Soaps

Interesting: the current country-wide quest for very good soaps. Actually Roger & Gallet has been preparing for this for years, with a starry cast. Two characters newly over from France: Fougère—all sorts of deliciousness from the forest's ferny floor; Oeillet Mignardise—the extraordinary poignancy of the dark red carnation. These rarities are constructed to be un-drying, produce a particular satiny lather. New wrappings, too, but period pieces. Turn-of-the-century charm. Altman's.



CHARLES FITZPATRICK

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The over-the-shoulder handbag

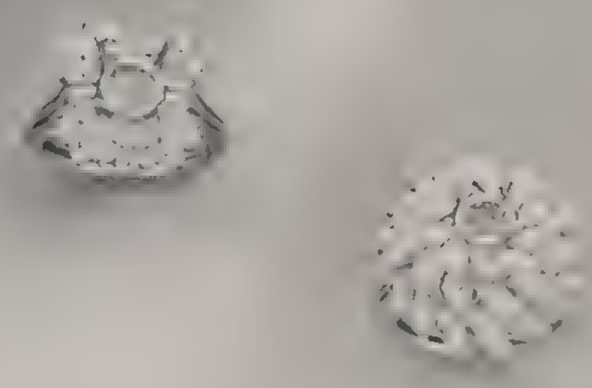


Know this about this year's great tweed and leather tailoring: big, brawny accessories look sensational with it. This handbag for instance—vervy as a hunter's pouch with a strap to sling over one shoulder (doubled it works as a handstrap). Made of brown cowhide, with self-stitching along the seams and a handmade polished brass buckle. By Etienne Aigner; $40 plus tax, at Lord & Taylor.



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FRANCIS BACON

(Continued from page 138)

destined for immortality. In one way, Bacon seems to aim at producing masterpieces, in the grandeur and ambition that his works display, but at the same time he seems to be destroying the ground for a masterpiece. By painting pictures in series, as he does, or as variations on a theme, he seems to be saying that no single painting is sufficient to make his point. Thus, instead of destroying masterpieces, as his friends say he used to do, he repeats possible masterpieces in endless series and variations. The result is that his pictures need to be seen in groups, and, when they are, they look like successive stages from a film or a picture magazine (like, say, records of a suicide jumping off a building or a girl having a completely new hairdo).

A second problem which Bacon's art consistently raises has to do with the influence of photography on art. Of course, this is not a new theme, and in the nineteenth century, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier, and (the suddenly revived) Alphonse Mucha, were among those painters who were interested in the new medium. What Bacon has done is to bring his painting into relation with the mass of photographic images which fill the world today. And this means that his paintings, in this respect, share a common ground with ourselves. Today none of us escapes the influence of the visual explosion. In fact, it is through photography that we get much of our information about politicians, fashion, outer space, science, and Christine Keeler. Our image of reality is substantially shaped by photography. Bacon transfers the visual appearance of photographs into his art, and never more so than when he is painting freely. He has an evocative way of dabbing a dry brush, or twisting a wet one, so that, like heavily screened newsprint or out-of-focus photography, physical reality is evoked, but in a rather oblique form. In fact, Bacon told David Sylvester in a recent interview on the British Broadcasting Company that to him "forms change continuously." He improvises as he works so that a painting, even though planned in advance to some extent, may not have a predictable outcome. It is not the least of Francis Bacon's paradoxes that however much he improvises in paint, he never loses contact with that blurred, gritty, yet persistently factual presence that photography creates.

Bacon's paintings are as stately as the portraits of ancestors in English country houses, even though the forms are evasive and hard to pin down. The composition of his paintings prepares us for an image in the Grand Manner, but when we look closely, its forms and composition seem to stretch, as in a distorting mirror, or dissolve out of focus. The result is that everything in Bacon tends to produce uncertainty, often of an ominous or breathtaking kind.

In a new painting of Bacon's *Landscape near Malabata, Tangier* his dazzling colour range, and the emotive power of his imagery, can be seen. The landscape is sucked into a kind of vortex, and surrounded by a screen, like the canvas windbreaks they put up on Côte d'Azur beaches or, perhaps, like the pens in which, three hundred years ago, royal boar hunts took place. The forms within this arena are blurred by wind or by movement, including the evocative human-looking smear in the foreground.

Why does Bacon paint sinister and harrowing subjects? This is a question that, often asked, needs to be answered, although one is tempted to say, why not? After all, nobody demands "why bottles?" when faced with Giorgio Morandi's calm still lifes. One answer takes the whole affair out of painting and into the area of moralizing editorial writers. This argument sees Bacon as a mirror held up to the human condition, faithful recorder of a bad time.

However, there is another way to look at Bacon's subjects and that is to see them as the personal expression of a view of life—and death. To quote Bacon's own words: "Man now can only attempt to beguile himself, for a time, by buying a kind of immortality through the doctors." And, in his paintings Bacon represents life, its vulnerability and man's impermanence. Thus, one can say, it is the speed of change that is, in a way, his subject. Just as fashion styles are always on the move, visibly changing every few years how women look and, more slowly, how men look, so Bacon depicts man as subject to change, unstoppably. The human body is represented as if it were as topical and as expendable as clothes. This is not, by any means, a negative view of his life, but simply recognition of the facts of life.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 170-171, other views, yardages, details)



1260 1220

Far left: Palazzo pyjamas by Forquet—Vogue International Couturier Design 1260; sizes 10-18. Dress and pants, size 14, 5¼ yards of 45″ frabric (without nap). $3. In Canada, $3.30.
Left: Palazzo pyjamas by Galitzine—Vogue International Couturier Design 1220; sizes 10-18. Blouse, skirt, size 14, 5⅝ yds. of 35″ fabric; pants, skirt-lining, size 14, 4⅝ yards of 45″ fabric (both without nap). $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.

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Wide wreaths of Chantilly lace, below, on the sleeves of a peignoir, at the hem of a nightdress—both white, shift-short, very jeune fille.
The peignoir, floating like a cape, buttons only at the scooped neckline.
By Henson Kickernick, both of nylon, about $30.
At Macy's; Bullock's, Downtown.





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STRAVINSKY

(Continued from page 135)

near Samarkand I think, in which "The English found gold —mere gold—but where we have discovered fountains of naphtha and inexhaustible deposits of copper. The gold is still mined, but as a quaint sideline industry." He says that the women in these regions "like to display their wealth by wearing heavy red velvet, even in that oppressive heat, but they live in squalid houses which they will not improve because of an old fear of being taxed. When, recently, television sets, refrigerators, and washing machines came to stores there, everything was sold in an instant and paid for from barrels of money."

Talking about the good living conditions on the Soviet side of the border, and the misery on the Indian side, his tone is slightly aggressive and boastful. (I.S., later: "I think he wants India.") I.S. asks him if the people in these regions speak Russian or if he uses a translator. Khrushchev: "All *my* republics speak Russian and I have never used a translator in our country."

Afterwards, the I.S.'s remark about his "very correct Russian." Khrushchev is acutely sensitive to whatever we say, and even more sensitive, I think, to whatever we might say, and clearly he does not want I.S. to talk about music. (But what are his thoughts about this elderly emissary from the Russian past?) Almost all of the talking comes from Khrushchev, in any case, and because he can hardly contain himself on the subject of his trip, nearly all of the forty minutes are devoted to that.

We do exchange observations about Moscow, though, and when the I.S.'s tell him how beautiful they have found the city, Khrushchev says: "Yes, not long ago I drove around really looking at it and I was impressed myself, but for eight hundred years it was a pigsty."

I.S., in the car: "He is like a composer playing you the composition he is working on and of which he is very full and very proud."

A HOTEL ROOM AS BIG AS A MEDIUM-SIZED BALLROOM

At the National Hotel, the I.S.'s' suite, which the Prime Minister of Singapore has vacated minutes before Stravinsky's arrival, could be called the Napoleon Room. The ceiling fresco is a "Lancret" (peacock and naked *femme fatale*), the draperies are Empire-style crushed velvet, the furniture includes chairs with fasces-shaped arm rests, and the "Sèvres," on a pedestal in the corner is adorned with imperial gold eagles and a likeness of the Corsican himself. Incongruously non-imperial are the modern five-pronged lamps, and the portrait of a heroic dog. From tomorrow, our meals will be served in this medium-sized ballroom, Alexandra says, and waiters and maids come to take dispositions for breakfast (caviar and coffee). These people are as curious to be talking to I.S.—returning "White Russian" celebrities must be rare—as I.S. is to them. We learn that they work and rest in twenty-four-hour shifts, which is probably not ideal for efficiency but which they claim to prefer. One girl says she is to leave for her vacation in a few days, and she begs Vera for a bit of rouge.

REHEARSAL WITH THE MOSCOW NATIONAL ORCHESTRA

Rehearse the Moscow National Orchestra in glossy Tchaikovsky Hall, a warmly resonant room that is also a portrait gallery of composers. The conductor Ivanov—yellow hair and the face of a good woodsman in a Russian fairy tale—introduces I.S. to the orchestra. They receive him with applause and bow-tapping, but the greeting seems to me a little quiet and cool. I confide this impression to Alexandra, whose answer is that "Artists are not glamourized here as they are in America where, for example, Ulanova's *claques* embarrassed the Bolshoi Ballet. We have no personality cult here." Not since Stalin, anyway, one wants to say, and to protest that I.S. and Ulanova are incomparable cases. But, in fact, I like this refreshing democratism, and the absence of that detestable "Herr-Professor-General-Intendant" protocol; and I like seeing my name on the *affiches*, when I recognize it, in the same type as everyone else's instead of in the usual pica otherwise reserved for piano-tuners.

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA AFTER FORTY-EIGHT YEARS

Tonight, exchanging impressions with I.S.—this is the first time we have been alone long enough to do so—I am conscious of a desire to push into black or white, no matter the cost in exaggeration. And I am aware of a need, for the first time in fifteen years with the I.S.'s, to feel some co-ordination between my impressions and theirs, or confirmation that our experience has been in some measure the same.

The I.S.'s complain that the foreign picture of the Soviet Union is absurdly misleading, even concerning such uncomplicated questions as the condition of consumer goods; Vera has come with trinkets, rather as Peter Stuyvesant came to the Indians, except that she is now ashamed to give, and is even embarrassed to dispose of them. And the I.S.'s are indignant at having suffered so many months of anxiety, and they are ashamed, I think, of their suspicions, as recently as yesterday, about being "taken in by flowers and flattery."

And Moscow is not "grim," and the people do not appear more "oppressed," or indeed, "happier" or "unhappier," than they do elsewhere. And though, admittedly, "unhappiness" and pride go well together, pride here is of an altogether different order. The I.S.'s profess themselves astounded by "the absence of *nichevo*-ism and of servility."

Vera has come back from the Post Office saying that "servility has been replaced by civility." The man who drives our

limousine is not a "chauffeur," the girl who cleans the room is not a "maid," the woman who checks our coats is not an "attendant," the boy who operates the elevator is not the "lift boy." (What they *are* I do not know, but "*Tovarich*" is still the most common greeting.)

All of this is only an indication of the overwhelming "pro" judgment of all three of us at the end of one day. But do the I.S.'s share my feeling that in spite of all the similarities slightly transposed (and of the knowledge that Paris is only a long lunchtime away), and in spite of admirations and sympathies aroused by everything we see, the sensation remains that intellectually speaking we are on a different (not a better or worse) planet? The answer is "no."

They are at home. The schizophrenic U.S./U.S.S.R. situation does not bother them at all, and forty-eight years abroad have not brainwashed them in the least. Their abiding emotion is an intense pride of everything Russian. (How wise of Immigration Departments, though unjust, to put the question of birthplace first and citizenship second.) Forty-eight hours ago, in Paris, I would have denied with full conviction, that I.S. (and to a slightly lesser extent, Vera) could ever be at home here again, not in the political Soviet Union, of course (though that could be arranged), but in "Russia." Yet even a half century of expatriotism can be forgotten in a night.

BORIS AT THE BOLSHOI

Solid improvements in the orchestra this morning, especially towards rhythmic steadiness in the strings. Further transformations in I.S., too. Vera, at breakfast, claims, as part of the reason, that without money and taxes as possible subjects of conversation, sixty percent of his talk is freed for other topics.

But another reason is that I.S. has always been a different person speaking his own language, and now, exchanging talk with the musicians, he is more buoyant than I have ever seen him. This, too, is the first time in his life that he has worked with a Russian-speaking orchestra. (Incidentally, the fact that no one speaks a word of any language but Russian makes us feel the decades of isolation more strongly than anything else, orchestras being so polyglot usually.)

The musicians call him *Igor Feodorovich*, and the family feeling common to any group of Russians is soon established. To the eye, I.S. remains outside the family only by virtue of his elegant manners—that courtly bow from the door of the airplane.

Boris at the Bolshoi. *Ancien régime* plush and gilt, and a glittering chandelier. We sit in the first box over the orchestra pit, half-shrouded by red canopy. The conductor receives only the faintest greeting on his entrance. This, Alexandra explains, is because "he hasn't done anything yet," though even when he has, and the other performers too, the audience reaction seems to us remarkably restrained. But the visual attributes are consistently superior to the musical. The sets could be *tableaux vivants* in the Kremlin Museum, and actors more richly robed would be difficult to imagine.

I.S. likes the Polish scene above all, "the revelry which, alas, musically speaking, turns to marmalade at the end." During the intermission following this scene, I.S. is feeling extraordinarily compassionate about the Poles: "What a history! But, of course, if you pitch your tent in the middle of Fifth Avenue it is quite likely you will be run over by a bus." . . .

KHRUSHCHEV GOES TO A STRAVINSKY CONCERT

An official call on Ekaterina Furtseva, the Minister of Culture, an attractive blonde—gossip calls her Catherine the Third—with abundant *charme*

(Continued on page 187)

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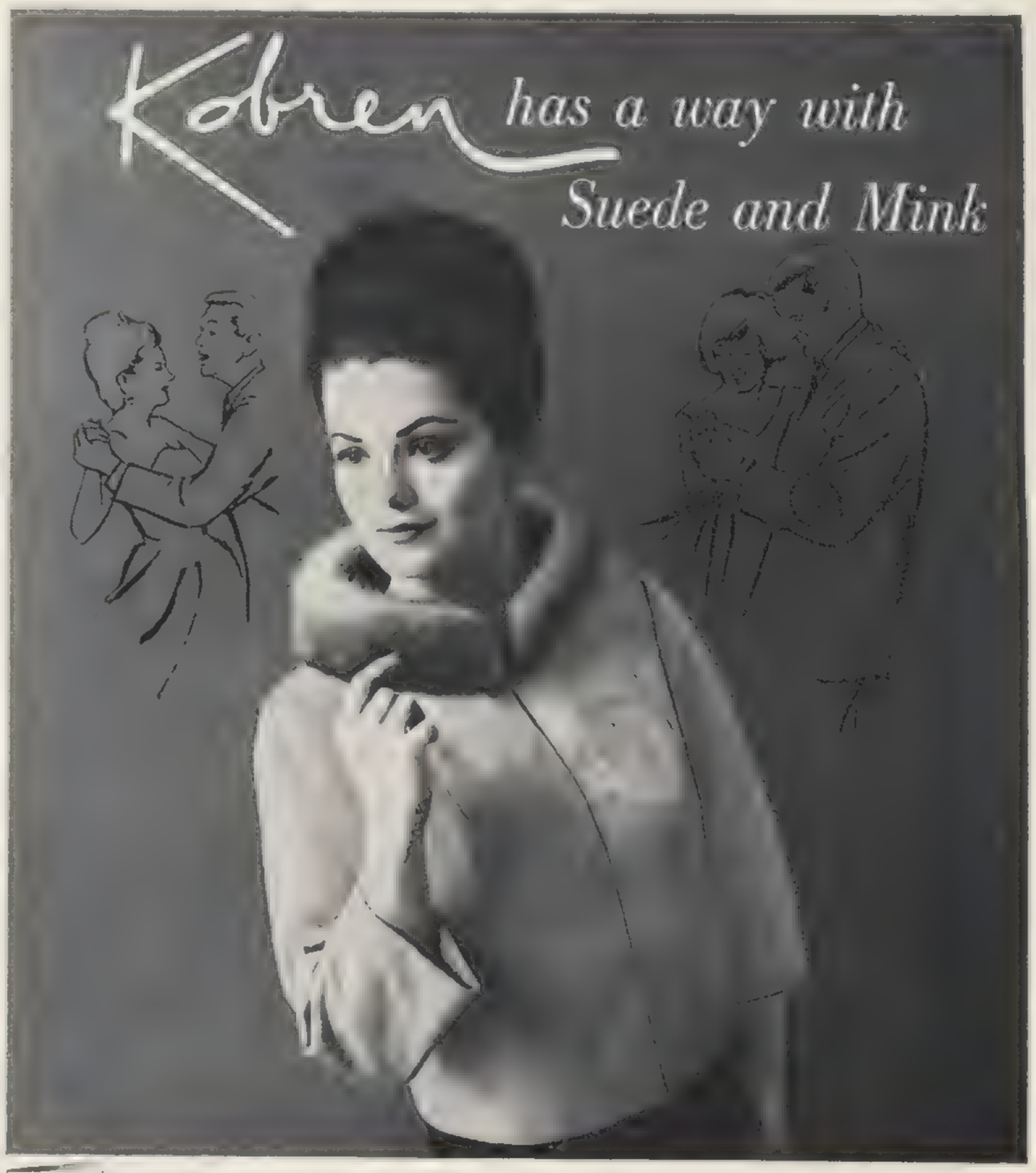
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(Continued from page 185)

Slav. She talks to us about the future, giving poetical recitations of production statistics, and descriptions of new orchestras, new ballets, new schools in Tashkent or Siberia, which she graciously invites us to visit.

"Orpheus," "Petroushka," and "The Firebird" performed by the Leningrad Ballet in the Kremlin Theatre, a new auditorium with escalators, lounges, bars to accommodate six thousand, and with devices for radioed translations by every seat. We sit with pretty Natasha Khrennikov, and the English-speaking composer Kabalevsky who, though reputedly an oppositionist to I.S.'s visit, weeps at the end of "The Firebird"—though that, come to think of it, is not incompatible with anti-Stravinskyism.

Shortly before the lights are lowered for it, a part of the audience discovers and applauds I.S. A moment later, Khrushchev, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, enters the loge directly across the hall from ours, and the whole audience stands and applauds. When "The Firebird" begins—or seems to: the *tempo* is strange and the sound unbalanced—a shout of "Viva Khrushchev" comes from somewhere below.

The cry is taken up by other voices, and an attempt is made to turn it into a rhythmic chant, but shushing noises are heard, too, and they soon have the majority. The demonstration is quelled only when the lights are turned up. "Cubans," says Alexandra, without much sympathy. "It happens all the time." At the end of "The Firebird," Khrushchev stands to applaud, but he has vanished before the first curtain call.

"THE MOST MOVING CONCERT OF MY LIFE"

Tonight's concert, in Tchaikovsky Hall, is the most moving of my life, and I think it is for I.S. too, though so far as I can tell the applause is more for the returning Russian prodigal than for the music. "Orpheus," in any case, is attended with much reading of programme notes, and other signs of restlessness and boredom, and this is the same in every section of an audience that is at least as stratified as ours, with, as everywhere in the world, eager youth in the balcony and apathetic age parterre.

As an encore, I.S. conducts his wind-band arrangement of the "Volga Boat Song," but it diminishes the ovation somewhat, and dampens the mood, partly because the audience has waited in vain for the strings to play on the second time around, but also, I think, because it is a reference to the wrong Russia and the wrong past.

The applause continues in rhythmic unison, however, until I.S. appears in his overcoat and tells the audience, "You see a very happy man." In the dressing-room, we receive gifts from the orchestra—for me a lacquered box with a "firebird" on the cover.

ON TELEVISION, STRAVINSKY SAYS THE WRONG THING

A late-night interview at the Moscow television studios. Answering an inquiry about his next composition, I.S. lays an egg as large as Kashchei's, but not magical. At the words "I am writing a Biblical cantata, in Hebrew, for the Israeli government" faces fall, and the programme limps to an end.

We are told afterwards that the stony reaction was because Israel is regarded as succursal to the United States, but also because of the Soviet attitude to the Bible, and of the Russian composers' feeling that he should be writing in his own language, or, at least, in a language he knows. A newscast immediately before our appearance shows Khrushchev being cheered along the route of his tour, and the United States Ambassador, Foy Kohler, being made to look as grim and friendless as Gromyko is in the U.S.

DINNER WITH SHOSTAKOVICH, KHATCHATURIAN . . . "THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY EVENT"

Reception by Madame the Minister of Culture and the leading Soviet composers, in a private room at the Metropole. (The dinner, white veal and Kievski *kotleti*, proves that very good food exists if ordered by the right person.)

This is the most extraordinary event of the trip, a kind of "Last Supper" (for non-disciples) during which I.S. reveals his Russian-ness more completely than at any time in the fifteen years I have known him. Mme. Furtseva presides at the centre of the table, with I.S. to her right and Shostakovich to her left.

Seeing the two St. Petersburg composers so close together, one is struck by the fact that their complexion and sandy hair are exactly the same. Shostakovich's is the most "sensitive" and "intellectual" face we have seen so far in the U.S.S.R. He is thinner, taller, younger —more boyish-looking—than expected, but he is also the shyest and most nervous human being I have ever seen. He chews not merely his nails but his fingers, twitches his pouty mouth and chin, chain smokes, wiggles his nose in constant adjustment of his spectacles, looks querulous one moment and ready to cry the next.

His hands tremble, he stutters, his whole frame wobbles when he shakes hands—which reminds us of Auden—and his knees knock when he speaks, at which time the others look anxious for him, as indeed they might be. He has a habit of staring, too, then of turning guiltily away when caught, and all evening long he peeks illicitly at I.S., around the rounded corners of Mme. Furtseva. (No betrayal of the thoughts behind those frightened, very intelligent eyes.) His new wife sits beside him. An adoring pupil, perhaps, but by age, looks, and her equally shy, serious, distant manner, a daughter.

Then it starts. *Confiteor me*. Each musician proposes a toast that is, in effect, an invitation to return to the fold. And each speaker begins by baring his soul, confessing to some guilt, some shortcoming of his own, some misunderstanding of I.S., some prejudice or lack of sympathy—and it is the nature of these confessions that I find so "Russian" and also so characteristic of I.S.

Only a little of this is needed to turn the room into a Finnish

(Continued on page 188)



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STRAVINSKY

(Continued from page 187)

bath, in the vapours of which, proclaiming and acclaiming each other's Russian-ness, everyone says almost the same thing. I.S.'s human qualities are lauded—they are Russian qualities, afer all—and the man . . . well, all who have met the man have seen how truly *genuine* he is.

Again and again they abase themselves before the mystery of their Russian-ness, and so, I realize with a small shock, does I.S. In fact, his replies are soon overtaking the toasts. In a very sober speech—he is less alcoholically elevated than anyone in the room—we hear that "The smell of the Russian earth is different" (it is) "and such things are impossible to forget" (they are, and so far so good). But he goes on to tell Khatchaturian and Khrennikov of a desire to know more of their music, which is not so good, not only because untrue but because they have avoided mention of *his* music.

I.S. says: "A man has one birthplace, one fatherland, one country—he *can* have only one country—and the place of his birth is the most important factor in his life.

"I regret that circumstances separated me from my fatherland, that I did not bring my works to birth there and, above all, that I was not there to help the new Soviet Union create its new music. But I did not leave Russia only by my own will, even though I admit that I disliked much in my Russia and in Russia generally—but the right to criticize Russia is mine, because Russia is mine and because I love it. I do not give any foreigner that right." (Bolshoi applause.)

An astonishing speech to at least *this* criticizing foreigner who, accordingly, is beginning to feel more foreign every moment; so astonishing, in fact, that the I.S.'s are slightly embarrassed to have had it overheard, even by me. But it is believable, and so is every word he says tonight except the professed interest in Khrennikov's and Khatchaturian's music.

I am certain that to be recognized and acclaimed as a Russian in Russia, and to be performed there, has meant more to him than anything else in the years I have known him. And when mother Russia restores her love, forty-eight years are forgiven with one suck of the breast—several sucks of vodka, in fact, at this deeply Dostoievskyan dinner. . . .

LENINGRAD—WHERE STRAVINSKY GREW UP AND STUDIED

The Leningrad welcoming committee is smaller, older, poorer than the Muscovite. One pale elderly gentleman greets I.S. and starts to weep. It is Vladimir Rimsky-Korsakov, a son of the composer, and I.S. has failed to recognize him, apparently because he has a moustache instead of, as when last seen, a beard. But the real reason, I.S. tells me later, was that he said "Igor Feodorovich" instead of *Jeema*. "He always called my brother Guri, and me Jeema." Vladimir lives in the same apartment house in which I.S. wrote "The Firebird" (in the English Prospect).

The Leningradski are more European than the Muscovites; they bow, kiss hands, do not shy from foreign, and especially German, expressions.

After driving an hour through post-war suburbs, I.S. recognizes the old Riding School, and from then on it is home. To right and left, everything is "*chudno*," or "*krasivo*," and he has a story to tell about each building. We pass along the Neva to the green and white Winter Palace—rose and white when the I.S.'s saw it last—and down Nevsky Prospect to the Yevropaisky Hotel. Vera, who stayed here on visits to St. Petersburg in her student years, says that the furnishings —German pianos, Louis XVI clocks, Empire beds, desks, chairs—are exactly the same.

A late-night floor show in the hotel roof-restaurant. A magician is sawing a woman in half on a platform at the end of the room, but a party of Cubans at the centre table keeps shouting "Vi-va Khrushchev," and applauding in rhythm. Are they vivisectionists?

STRAVINSKY'S OLD APARTMENT; FAMILY DINNER

The Kryukov canal, in front of I.S.'s old apartment, is about twenty-five feet wide. The buildings on the other side are all new, but the iron railings on the canal are the same, he says, and so is the wooden footbridge at the corner. The street is still cobblestone, too, and tramcars still skid loudly by on their rails.

A plaque commemorates the residence of the "composer and conductor" Nápravník in the house next door to the blank wall commemorating the thirty years' residence there of the composer of "Le Sacre du Printemps." I.S. says nothing as he looks at the door I have so often heard him describe—it opens directly on the street—and he shows no trace of emotion.

Contrast this with his reaction, around the corner, to the Conservatory and the Maryinsky Theatre. As soon as he recognizes the former, an involuntary "*Glazunov*" comes out (after fifty years!). He then looks the other way, at the green and white Maryinsky, and his whole face ripples with pleasure. Anyone seeing this could not doubt that he had learned to hate music at the one place and to love it at the other.

A family dinner at Xenia Yurievna's [Stravinsky's niece], number 72 Ulitsa Glinka. I.S.'s old apartment, next door, at number 66, is identical to this one, Xenia says, and her statement drastically shrinks the scale of I.S.'s published recollections.

Xenia's family, children and in-laws, all in their twenties, are attractive, shy, cheerful, scientifically-minded, and they all have a smattering of English. Xenia's Stravinskyana contains a large number of ancestral portraits, medallions, and photographs, most remarkably, a daguerreotype of I.S.'s great-grandfather, a mutton-whiskered old tomcat aged 110. He died aged 111 as a result of a fall suffered while climbing over the fence on his way to a forbidden outing: the doctor had ordered

him to stay home, and the family had locked the gate.)

The photographs of I.S.'s father include several of him in the costumes of such basso rôles as Holofernes and Sparafucile. Of a thousand or so family group photographs, I.S. figures in perhaps a third, and of the third, about a half were posed in Ustilug and Petchisky. But the most striking photograph shows I.S. writing down the music of an itinerant and blind old concertina player.

An emotionally disturbing evening for I.S., one would have thought, but I have seen no sign of it. Vera says, though, that he reverted to childhood expressions several times during dinner.

THE MARYINSKY THEATRE: "I AM VERY HAPPY"

In the evening we go to the Maryinsky Theatre, to see *it* and not *Lohengrin*, of course, which is in the way. I.S. is again wildly wrong on scale. With seventeen hundred seats, the Maryinsky—light blue and gold, with a blue ceiling and a chandelier—is less than half the size of his description. I.S. says that portraits of singers, including his father, stretched across the hem of the curtain when he was a child.

Our first concert, at eight. A last-minute request for tickets by teen-age boys from the "Stravinsky Club of Kharkov." I.S. tells the audience that he attended his first concert in this hall, and "Sixty-nine years ago I sat with my mother in that corner"—he points to it—"at a concert conducted by Nápravník to mourn the death of Tchaikovsky. Now I am conducting in the same hall. I am very happy."

THE SEND-OFF, FROM ANOTHER ERA

Leningrad is tall, regular, Western, straight—in comparison to circular, haphazard, Oriental Moscow. And in Leningrad, the royal city, after Moscow, the proletarian one, the population does look drab, if only because the buildings are so sumptuous.

I.S.: "The best thing in Leningrad is St. Petersburg." St. Petersburg is a city of romantic bridges and islands, and small cobblestone streets and byways.

To the midnight train for Moscow after the concert, carrying bags and bouquets. As we pull out of the station, Diaghilev, Tolstoy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Balmont run alongside for a moment, like another era trying to catch up.

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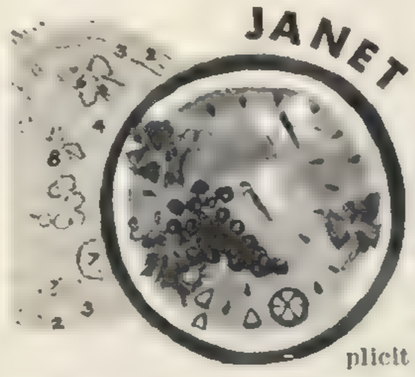
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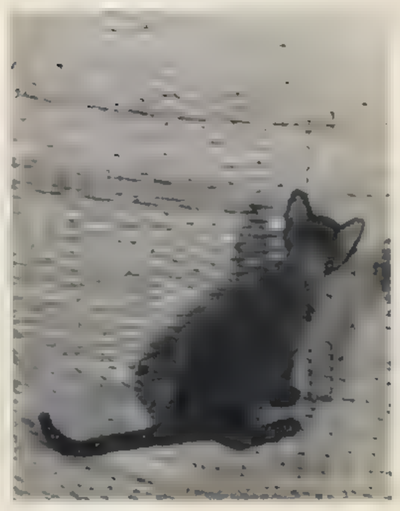
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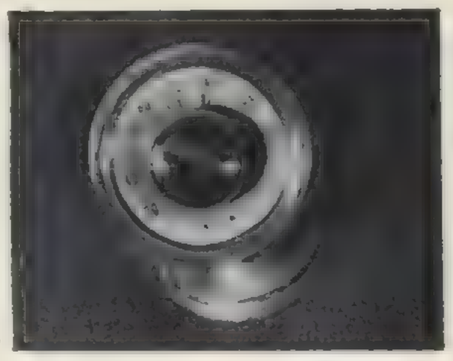
ALSO CLASSIC GLOVES in kid or doeskin in all colors. 6 button length, 7.95; 8 button length, 8.95; shortie, 4.50.

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Vogue's SHOP



Gentle quiet pet to keep in a city apartment or country house—rare Burmese kitten. Sable-brown fur, exotic golden eyes. Pan-trained, health guaranteed. $150, express charges ppd. Ted Steele's Kitten Cottage, 979 First Ave., N.Y. 22.



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Fine way to jacket an unsleeved dress: frogged white cardigan, piped in almost any combination of colours. Of cashmere-and-Angora; 32-44. $31, duty inc. Peter's Far East Ltd., 55-B Company St., Christiansted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

Shaped like a parasol, folds like same—water-repellent laminated table in clear pinks and blues. Imported from Japan. $10 ppd. Henrietta Tischler, 337 Madison Ave., N.Y. 21.



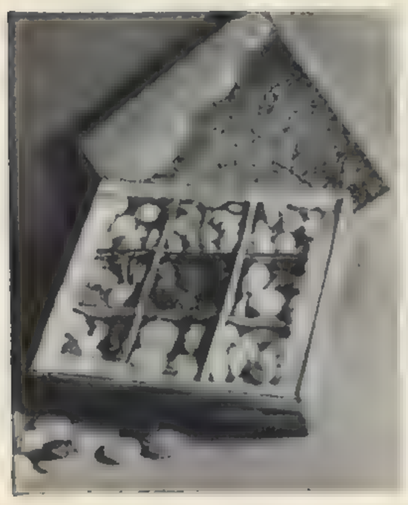




PETER MAICAS

Charming spot for a very small Oriental carpet—a handbag bound in a bit of Turkey-red rug. Bamboo frame and handle. $29.95 tax inc., ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Northport, New York.

HOUND

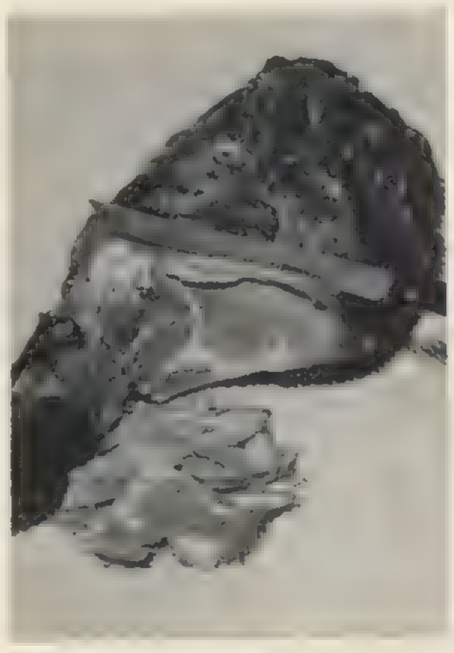


Among the smaller delights of France—a tin of miniature tea cookies: chocolate drops, macaroons, coconut twists and six other assortments. $5.45 ppd., at Here's How Co., 15 W. 26th St., N.Y. 10.

Packed full of surprises—fruits and nuts among them—Till's Fruit Cake in special gift tin. $4.50, 2 lbs.; $6.75, 3 lbs.; $9, 4 lbs. All, ppd. Saks Fifth Avenue Guest & Gift Shop, 611 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 22.



From the home country of great ham: smoked Jordan ham, right, baked in wine, sugar-glazed. Aged 1 year. 8-12 lbs.; $1.98 per lb., ppd. Jordan's Old Virginia Smokehouse, 1520 West Overbrook Road, Richmond 20, Virginia.





For cocktails or tea—two decorated ceramic crocks filled with private-recipe cheeses: Fromage Maison and 15 East. Ceramic spoons. Walnut-finished wooden tray. $13.50 ppd. Maison Glass, 52 E. 58th St., N. Y. 22.

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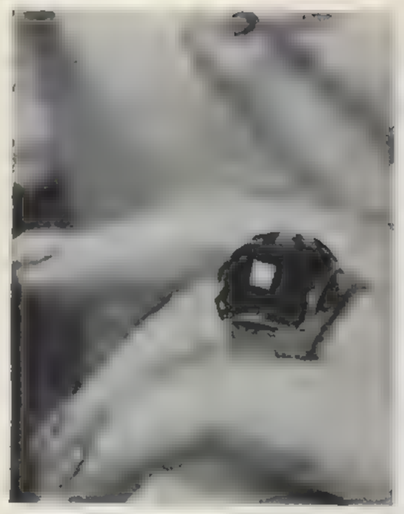
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Dash of clear, bright red to brighten city tweeds—brimmed velours hat, shaped to a triangle at front, bowed in grosgrain. Also cranberry, forest green, olive, others. $21 ppd. Splendiferous, 1312 3rd Ave., N. Y. 21.

Red felt jumper-dress with a bright green Xmas tree, scalloped hem. Buttons at shoulder. Also green with red Santa. Sizes 2, 3, 4. $6 ppd. Polly Wagnon, 320 E. 58th St., N. Y. 22.

Autobiography of Edward Steichen—entirely in photographs chosen by himself, in colour and black-and-white. $19.50 ppd. Doubleday. Customer Service, 724 5th Ave., N. Y. 22.





HOUND





Hand-sewn by Navajo Indians—small doll dressed in native bead-and-leather costume. Movable joints, eyes. $3.30 ppd. Old Pueblo Traders, Box 4035, Tucson, Ariz.

Amusing idea for snow, above: bundle up in a jester's waistcoat and stocking cap of blue and red stripes. Hand-knitted in Italy of wool and mohair. Also, black and white. S, M; $26 ppd. Peter Todd Mitchell, 315 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16



PETER MAICAS

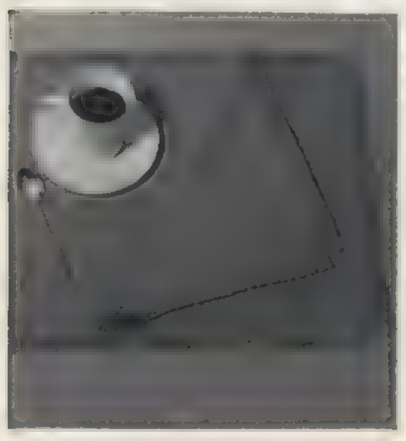
Magnetized house for sale: 5 furnished rooms, magnet-wands to move tenants around (the tenants: magnetized dolls, of course). $15 ppd. Worth Ave. Toy Shop, 226 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla.

In a season of terrific raincoats: news of a reptile, below—bogus mottled-grey snakeskin, double-breasted, back-belted. Of vinyl, black acrylic lining. $66 ppd. Dana, 11 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.



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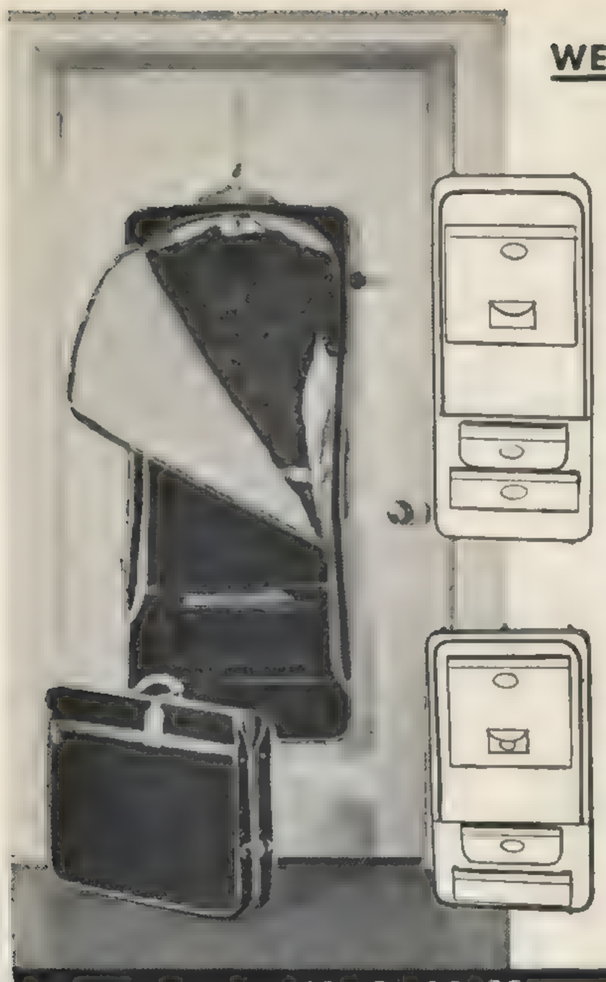
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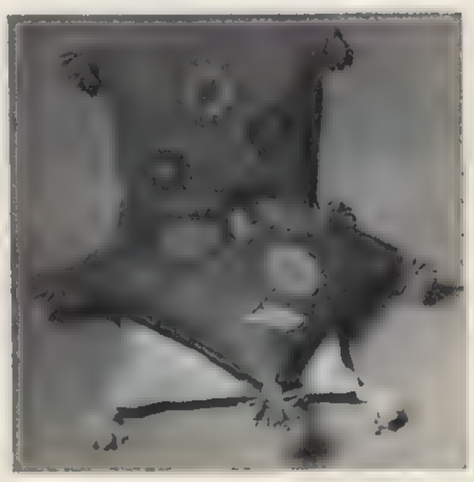
Vogue's SHOP

New checks in town—an over-the-head coatdress in black-and-white mohair-and-wool. Buttoned down the front, flap pockets; 6-12. $70. By Nan Herzlinger; Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22.





Florentine-finished 14-k. gold ring, the dome dimpled with six brilliant rubies; $85 tax inc., ppd. With sapphires: $80 ppd. Johnston Jewels, Ltd. 301 Park Ave., N.Y. 22.



Handmade tasselled pillows, flowered in wool-and-felt designs. Zip-off covers. Yellow/pink, turquoise/apple, blue/apple, olive/turquoise, cerise/orange. $12.50 each; 4-6 wks. delivery. La Piñata, Burroughs Lane, Denville, New Jersey.



Calico for two: little girl's dress in shades of Loden green; pouff-sleeved and gathered at the neck. Rag doll to match. Dress, 2-10; $5.95. Doll, $4.95. Green Frog, 15 Christopher St., N.Y. 14.



From Italy—eight-button-length gloves, in softest black kid, silk-lined. Also, white, beige, brown, navy blue. $14.95 ppd. Unlined, $9.95 ppd. Henriette Imports, 14479 Washington Blvd., Cleveland 18, Ohio.

PETER MAICAS

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Wonderful length for a black wool sweater: sleeked to the ankles for evening—here, over a white silk blouse. Knitted by hand. Sizes S, M. Dress only, $55. Jax, 7 W. 57th St., N.Y. 19.

Promise him anything but give him "Arf-Pette" or "Le Chien" spray-on perfumes, "Poodle-oo" creme shampoo. Perfume, $3 ppd. each; shampoo, $2.50 ppd. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22.



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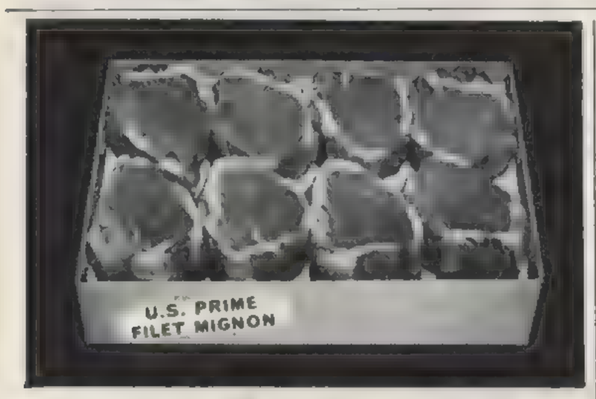
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Vogue's CROSS-COUNTRY

New hunting ground, below: silk twill stock to tie in the collar of a pink shirt. Pink, gold, maroon stripes. $10 ppd. Countess Mara, 110 East 57th St., N.Y. 22.

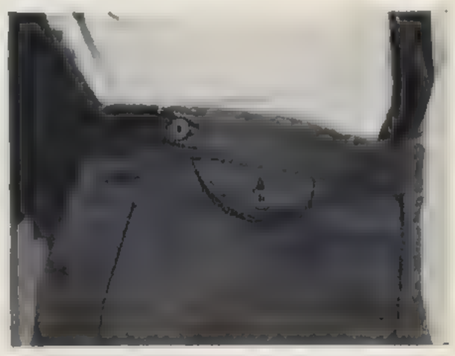
To wear with a country blazer: wool tie, below, striped in red, black, and white; fringed at the end. By Wembley; $2.50 at Gimbels, W. 33rd St., N.Y. 1.



Black-and-grey wool herringbone slacks, below, the pockets trimmed in black leather. Waistband extension. Waist sizes 29-42. By Anthony Gesture. $25 at Jordan Marsh, Miami, Florida.



Thick white mohair pullover, below; looks hefty, weighs almost nothing. Sizes S,M,L,XL. By Alexander Shields; $40 at Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22.



Country sports jacket, below, half camel's hair, half wool—to wear over corduroys or plaid slacks. Sizes 28-44, reg., short, long. $75 ppd. Paul Stuart, 18 East 45th St., N.Y. 17.

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INDEX FOR MEN

No bulky luggage here—tan nylon raincoat from Italy, below, folds easily into its small carrying case. Belt, rain visor. Sizes 36-46 reg., 40-46 long. $25 ppd. Dunhill Tailors, 65 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22.



For stadium games, races, ski slopes: tan cowhide picnic case, below—two hot-or-cold Thermos bottles, cups, plastic sandwich box. $32.50 ppd. T. Anthony, 722 Madison Ave., N.Y. 21.

Italian leather boots, below, strapped and buckled at the ankle. Burnished brown: 5½-12; black: 5-13. $19.95 ppd. Eleganza Imports, 1342 Freight St., Brockton, Mass.



Sun goggles, below, with mammoth lenses—perfect for ski slopes or sports-car driving. Of unbreakable plastic. $9.50 ppd. Belz Opticians, 15 E. 40th St., New York 16. N.Y.



Beige cashmere shirt-jacket to wear under a maroon blazer, or instead of a jacket, with grey flannels. Sizes S, M, L, XL. $50 ppd. Arden for Men, 4 E. 54th St., N.Y. 22.





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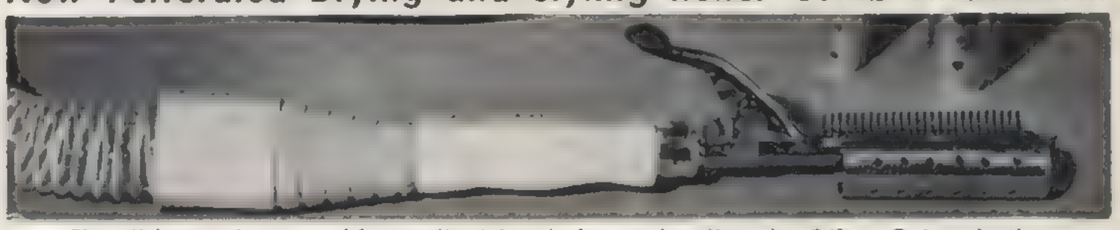
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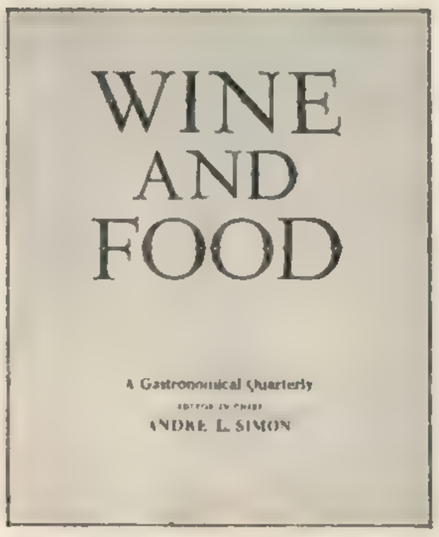


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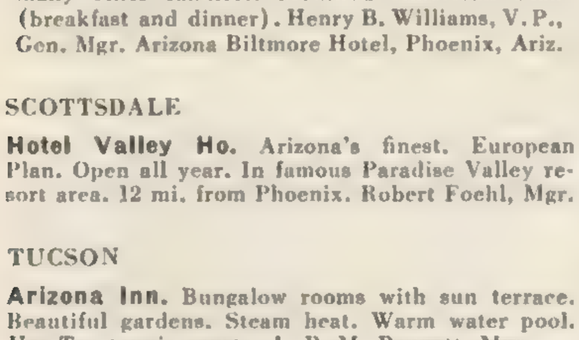
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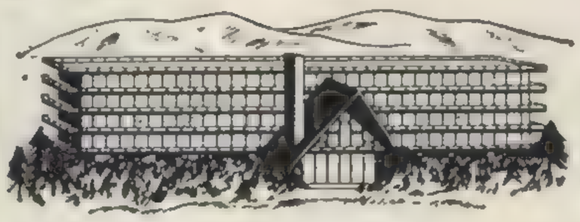
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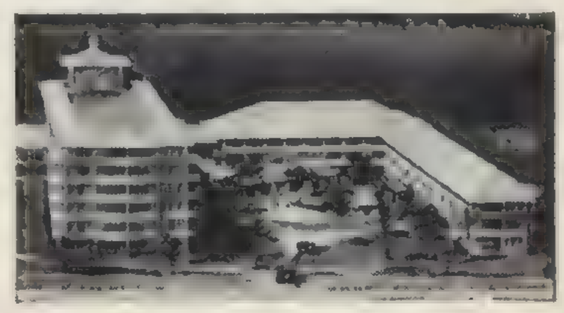
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MAINBOCHER

(Continued from page 104)

All year long he makes a quantity of sketches; pads go with him everywhere and he has one on his night table. During the winter he "holes up at the Ritz in Boston," where he finds the atmosphere congenial for work. The sketches proceed, and with them a nonstop sifting, sorting, and eliminating. "I am always rejecting," explains Mainbocher, who knows he can't stand "half-baked ideas."

By the time the season starts he has a leather bag filled with sketches filed in categories, and from a peak of several hundreds he eventually cuts down to ninety-five or so. To his tailors he gives working sketches to be translated into muslin. The muslin is then corrected two or three or more times before they begin to work in fabric. "Elimination and proportion" are the keys to this editing process.

With his dressmakers ("the girls") he may have his original sketch executed in muslin or, if he's fairly sure, they may go directly to the fabric. Then the design must be seen on a girl moving around the salon, standing, sitting. This is the period of imponderables, the time to "see that the idea isn't stronger than the dress . . . a woman should be able to think of the finished costume as 'something nice to wear.' "

In the spring Mainbocher goes to Europe for five or six weeks where he sees no collections—"I see Coco Chanel's clothes on her when I lunch or dine with her." Mostly he finds "something in the air of Europe and France, especially Paris, that is conducive to thinking along fashion lines." As a practised observer, he is quietly incorrigible; his fundamental compulsion to observe *needs* never subsides. (Like Chanel he seems to have hit upon the overwhelming truth that if you give women what they need you're bound to be giving them what they want.) When he's travelling, he also has a quiet penetrating eye on "how fashion filters through . . . what the real influences are . . . what happens to a great idea, how it's transposed . . . what's ephemeral, what's just a blast in the paper."

For a part of this European interval he usually goes to Zurich to look at the galleries and the art in the great private collections—and, invariably, the zoo, which has "some awfully fine chimps; I know them very well; and two beautiful rhinoceroses." In Basle, which is very near, there is one of the best zoos in Europe; on the lake boats, "I can count the swans between Zurich and Rapperswil."

Then back to New York where he has lived intermittently since 1910, the year he gave up Chicago, where he was born. Not long ago, as Main was being driven in his immaculate Cadillac through midtown, he commented with some amusement and the usual unflagging recognition of reality, "I thought I was living in New York when I was really at the Brooklyn Y.M.C.A., going to the Art Students League in the afternoons and drawing in the mornings for the American Lithograph people, designing cigar bands and box tops—a job from which I was fired, but fired with great chic."

In the next VOGUE
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the clothes . . . the looks . . .
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